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TREK  
VI

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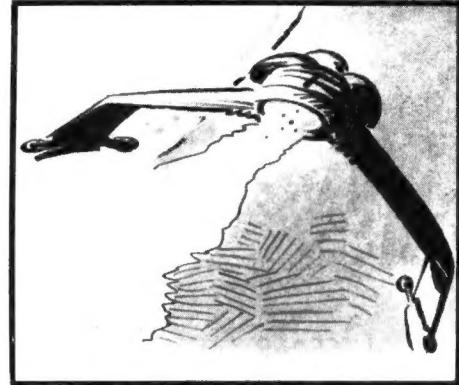
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# STAR TREK

## MAD SUPER SPECIAL #83



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

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## "THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANG



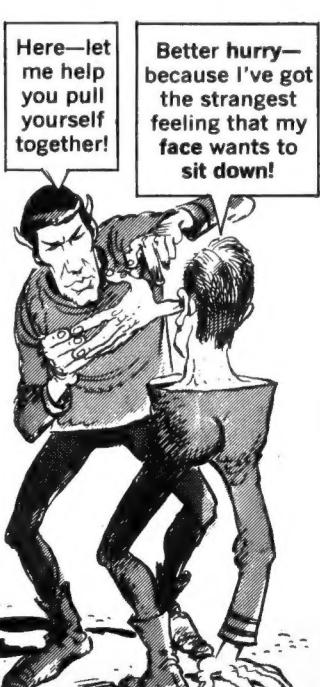
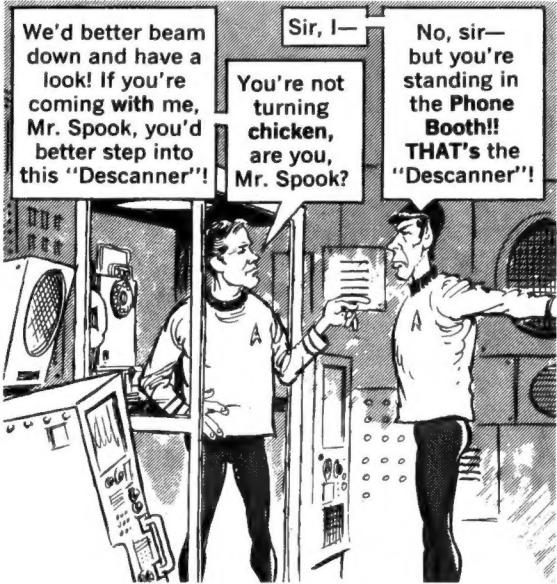
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

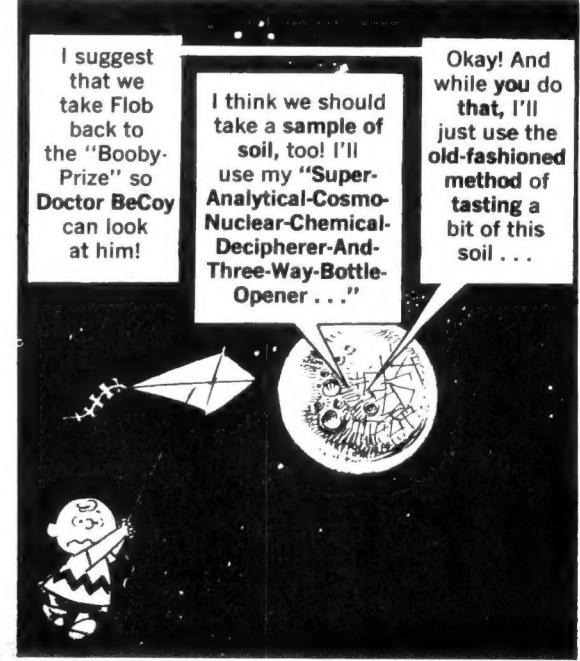
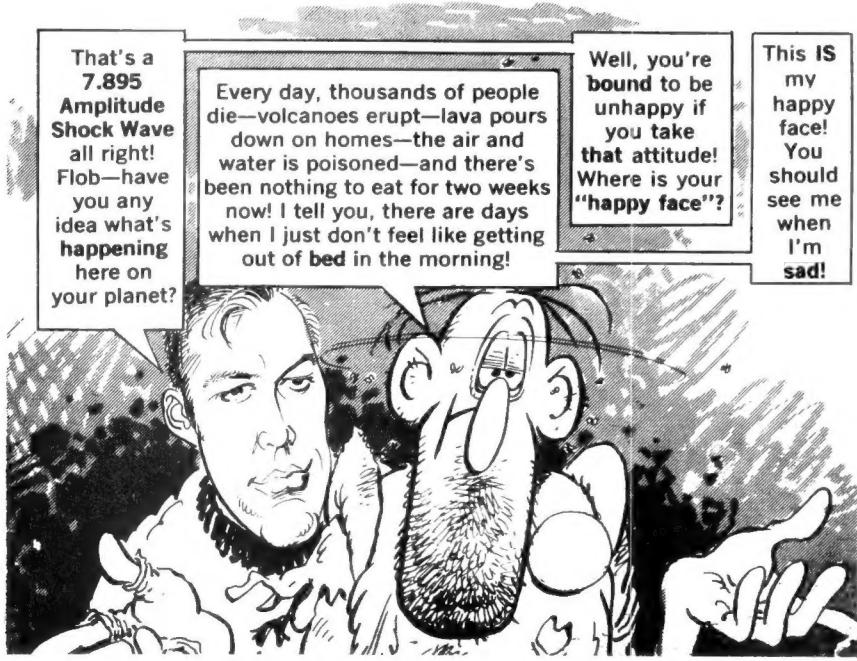
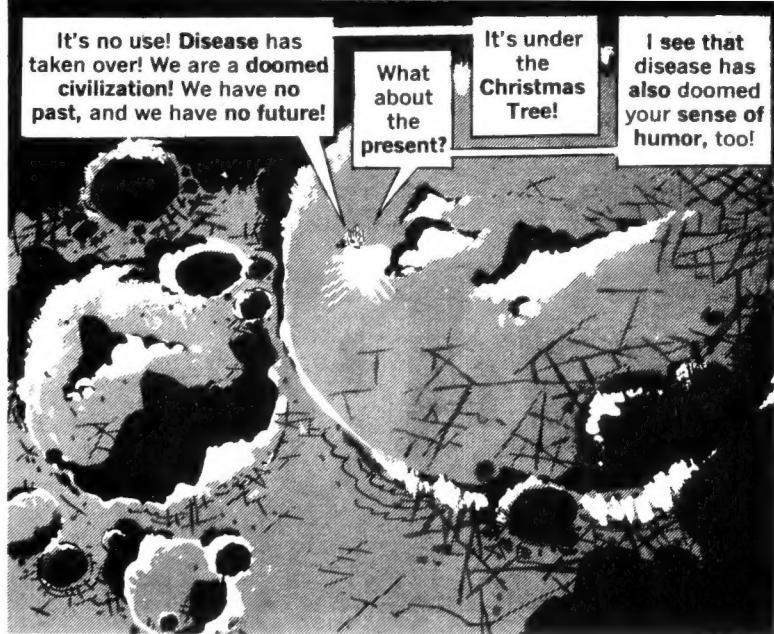
# STARBLEECH!

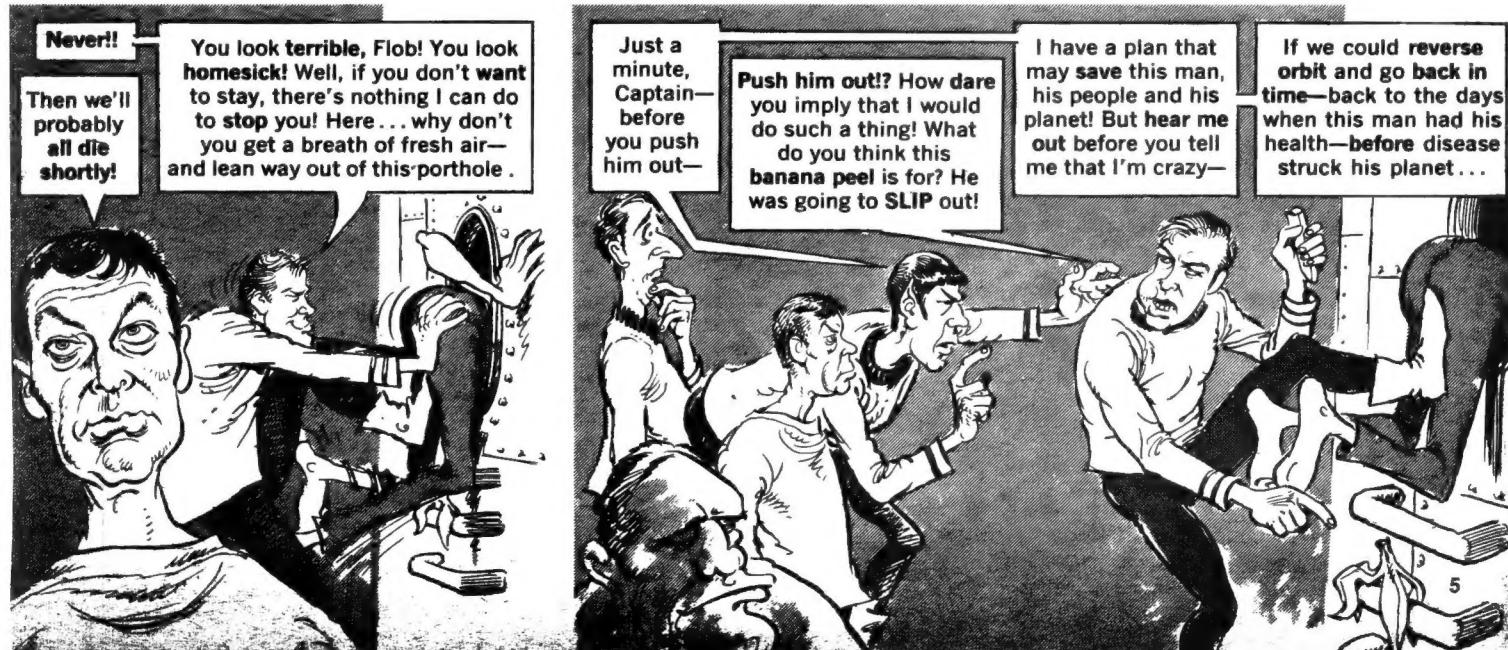
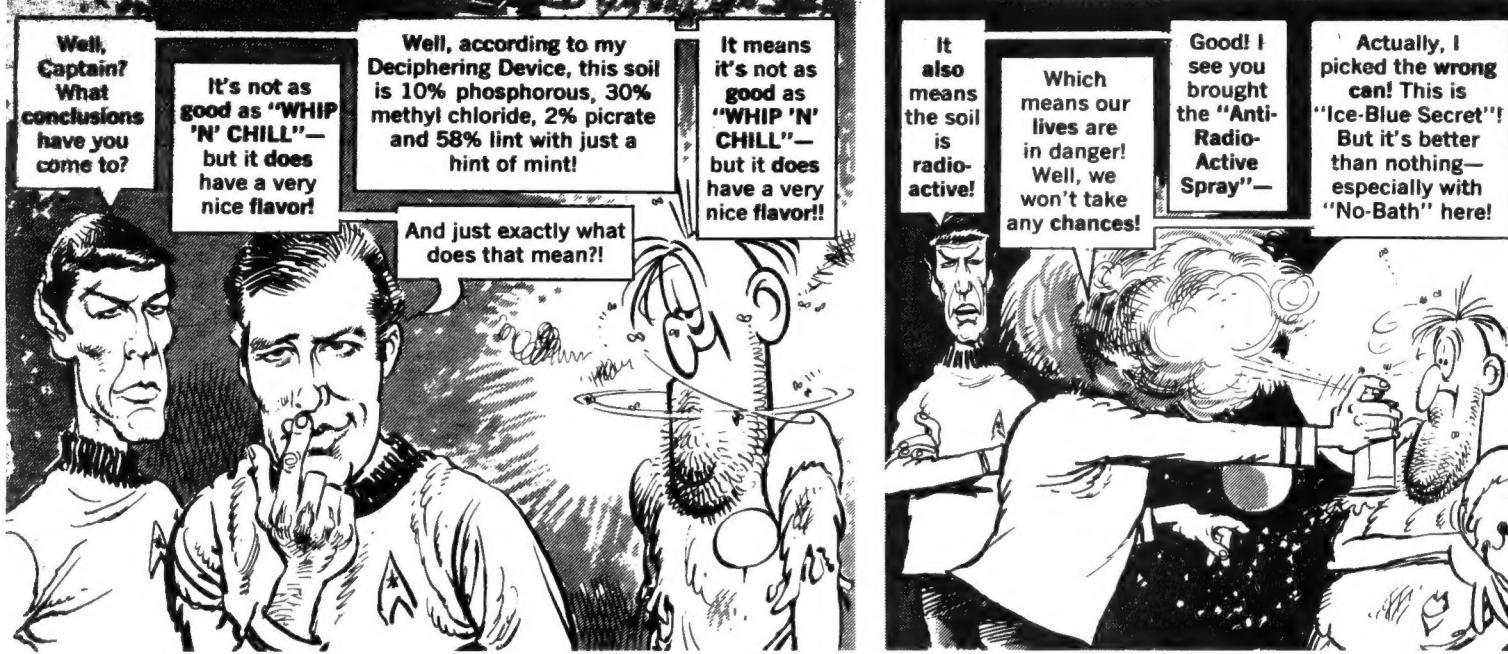
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"







... and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!

Are you finished?  
Yes!  
You're crazy!

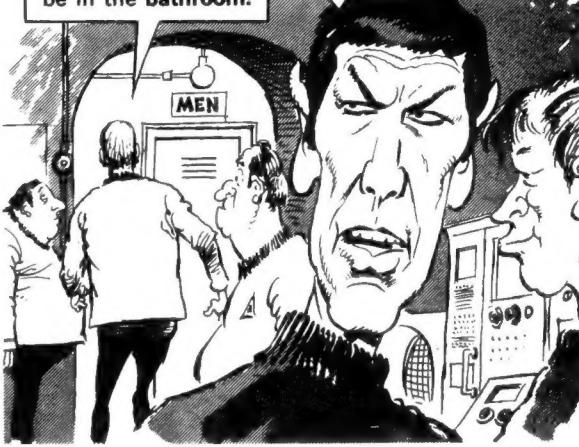
That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?

Pit-a-pat!  
Pit-a-pat!  
Pit-a-pat—  
like every  
body else's!

All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!

Take over, Mr. Spook!  
If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!

I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!



This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights . . .

It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!

And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!

Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!

Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?

Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!



Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!

You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!

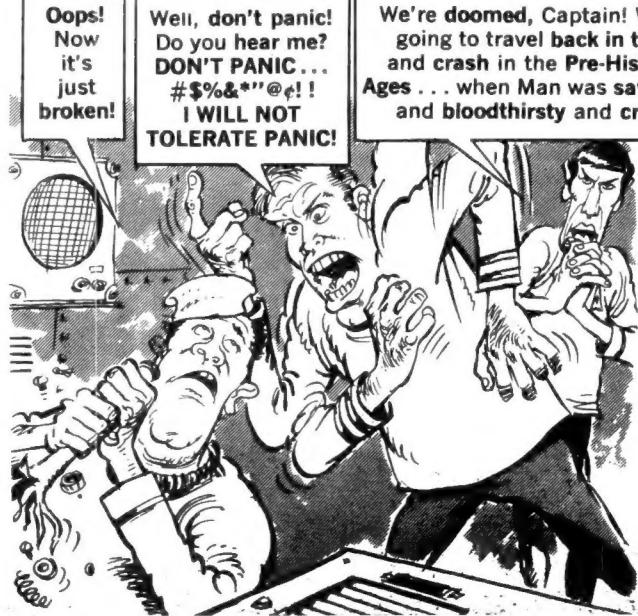
Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!

Oops! Now it's just broken!

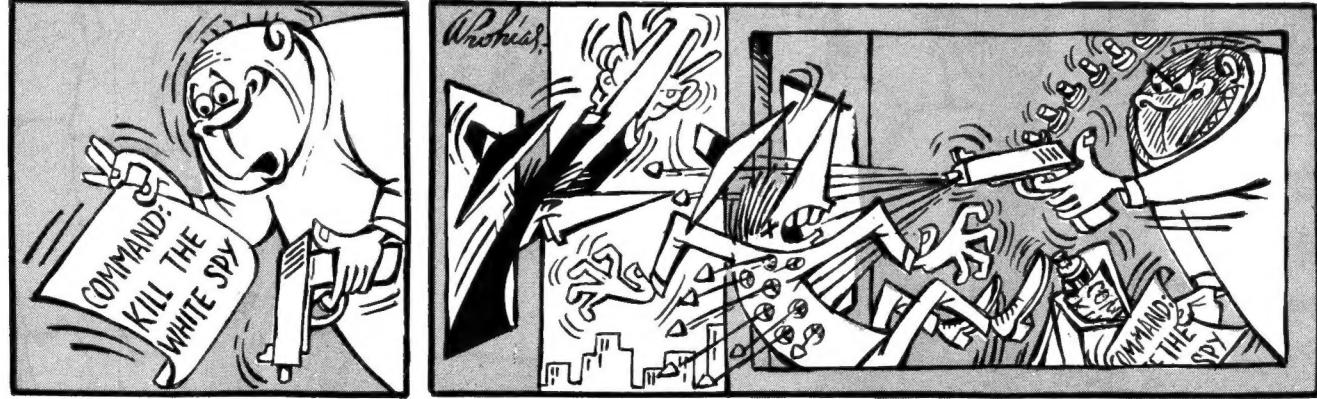
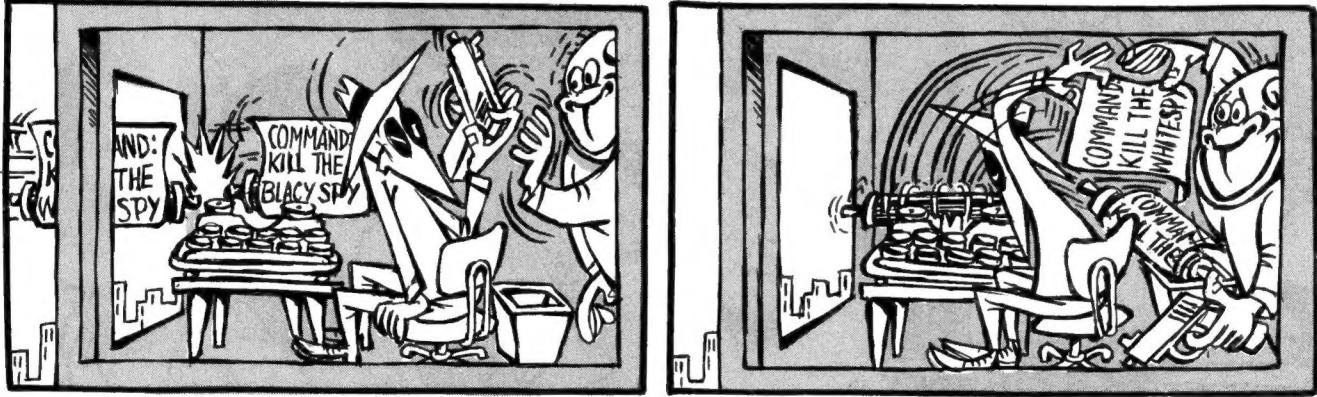
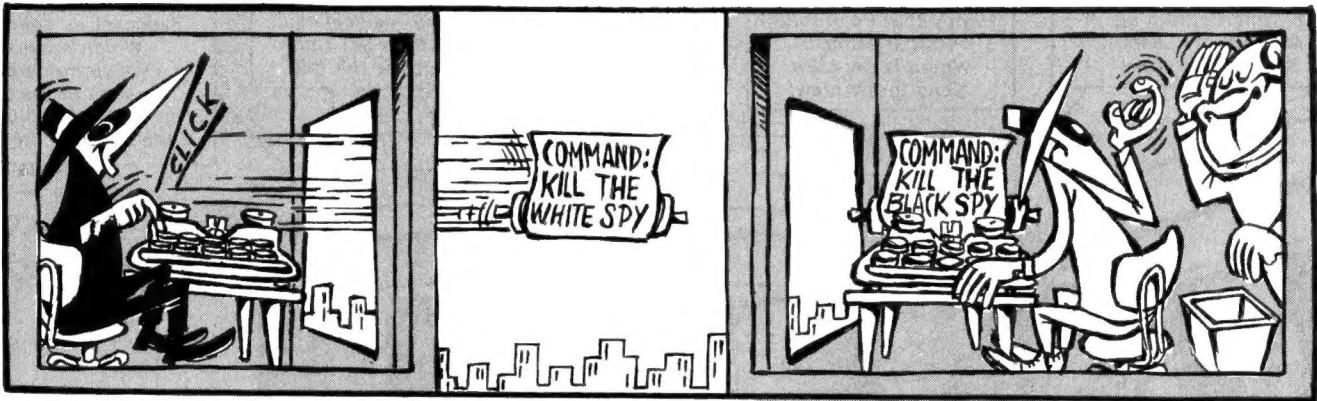
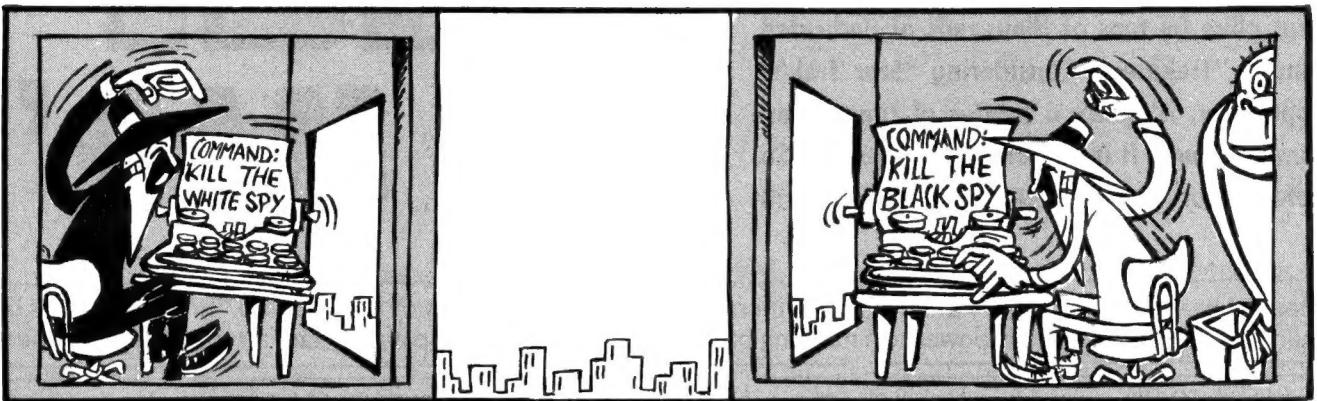
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC... #\$%&\*!@! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!

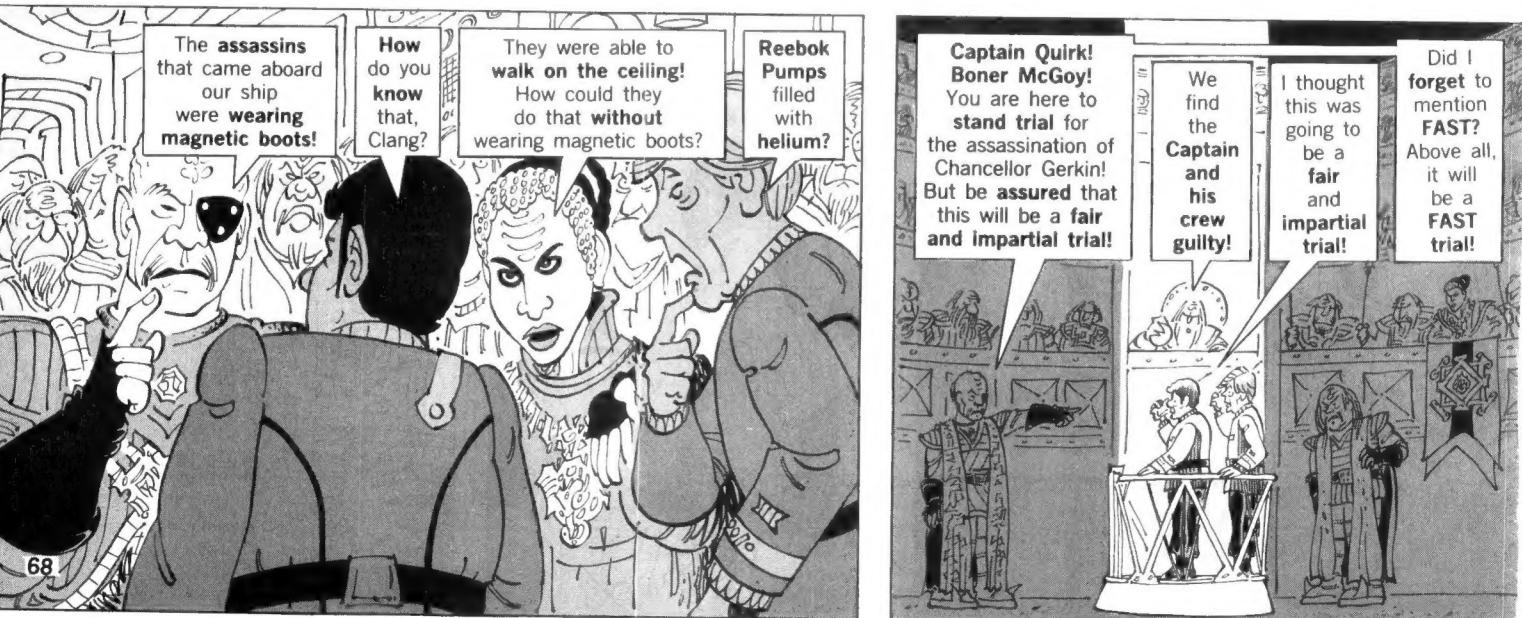
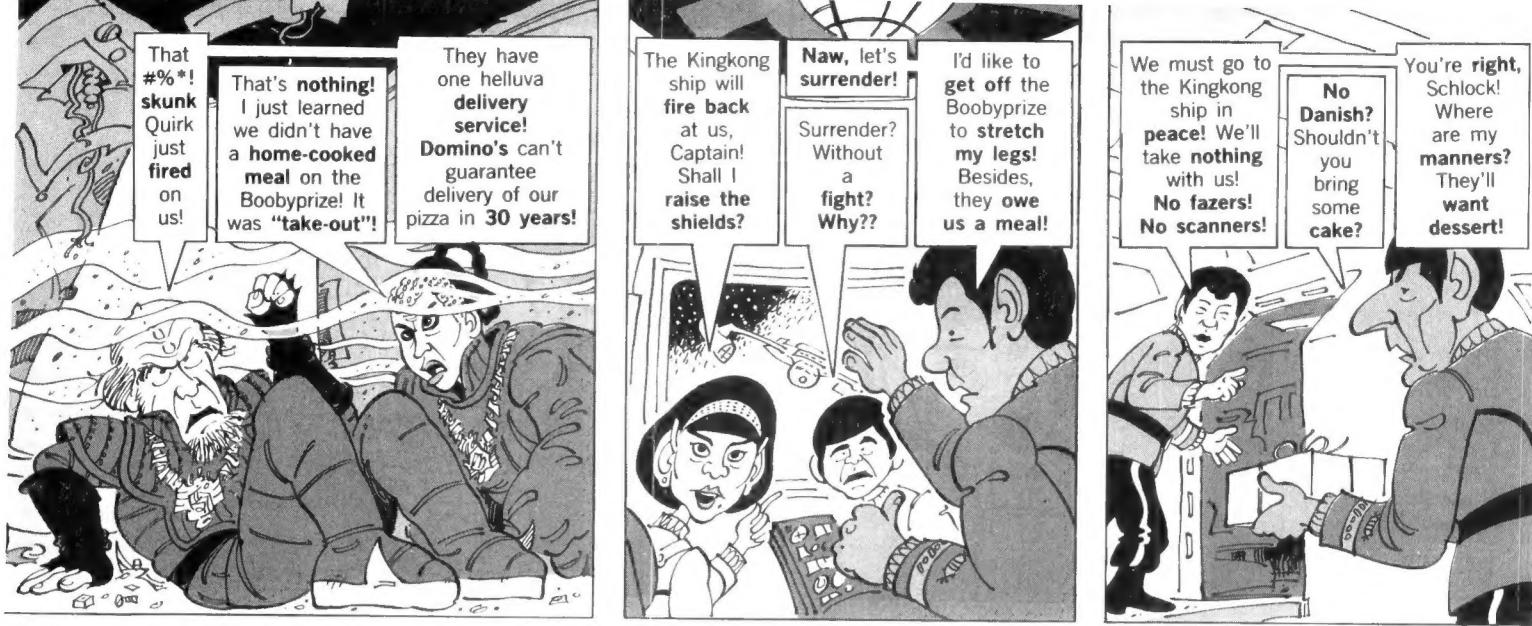
We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages . . . when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!

You mean . . . Yes—we're headed for 1967!!



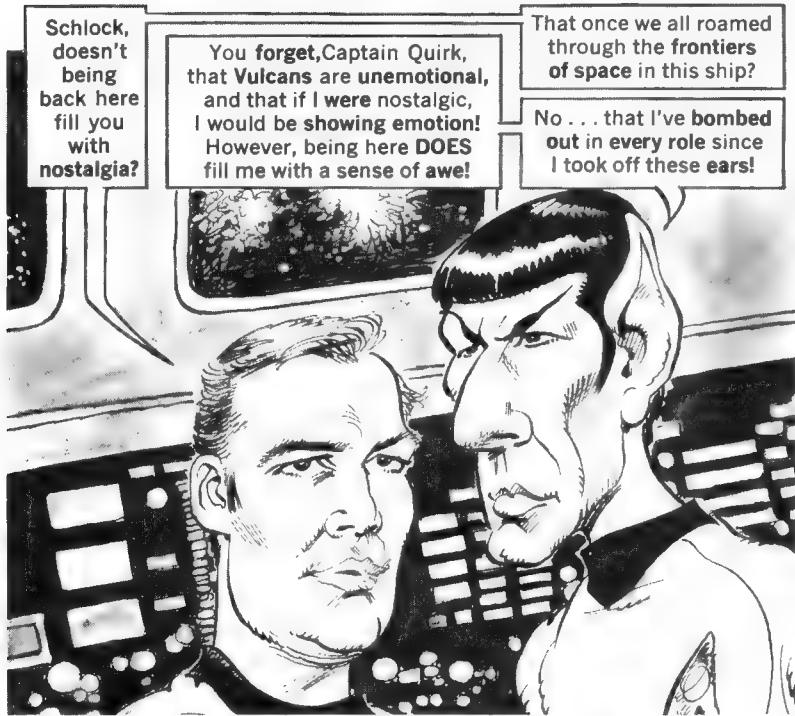
# SPY VS SPY



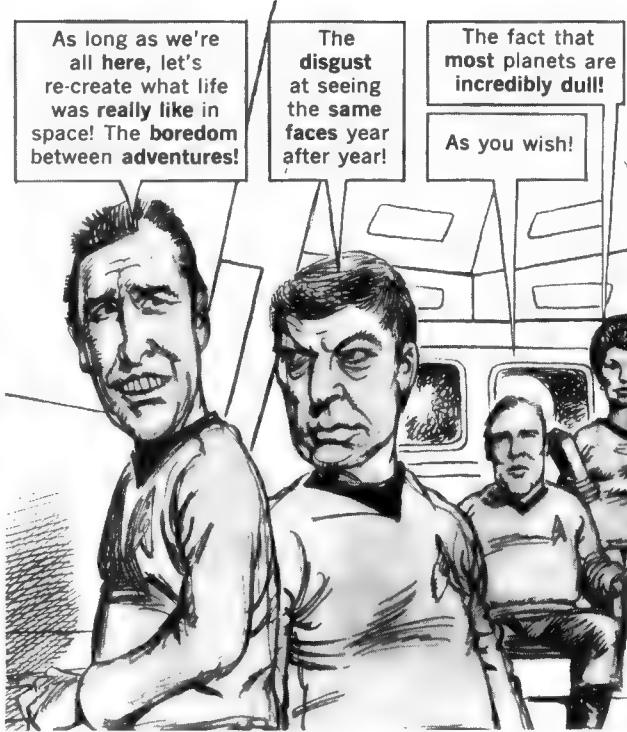




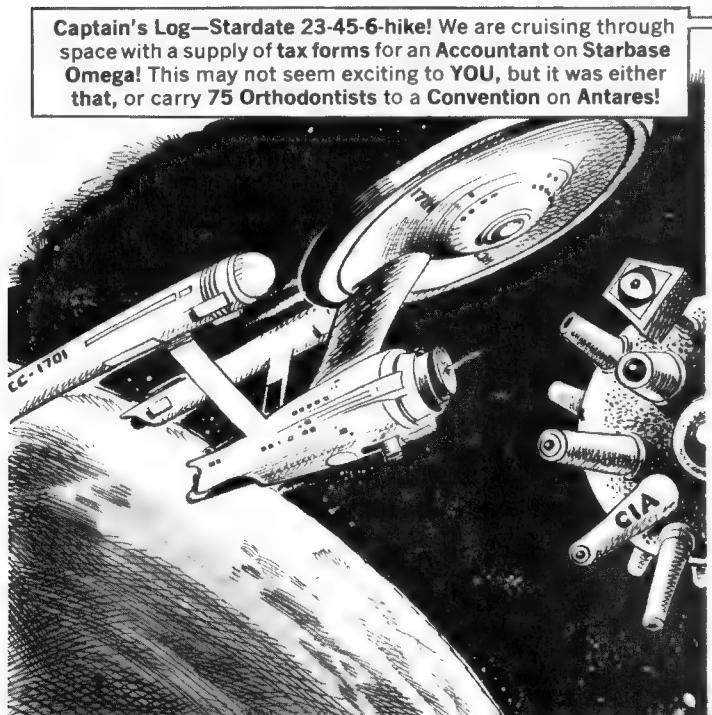
# ON TREKIN' "TAR TREK" MUSICAL



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



\*What do you get when you fly through space?  
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,  
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!

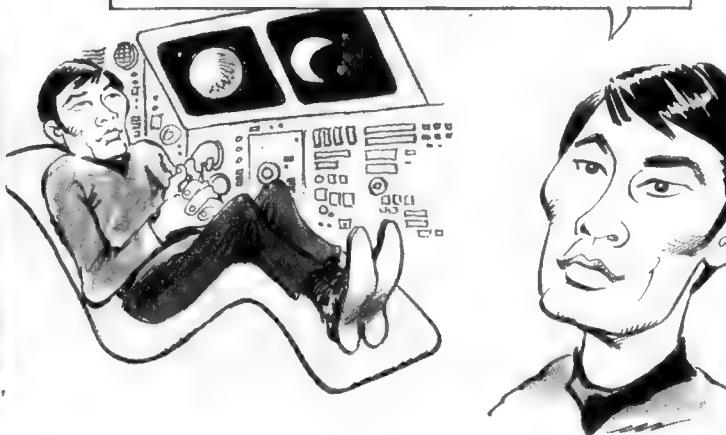
What do you eat when you fly through space?  
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,  
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!



I'd rather join the un-em-ployed  
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!  
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'  
Somewhere out there in East Orion!



What do you do when you fly through space?  
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;  
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!



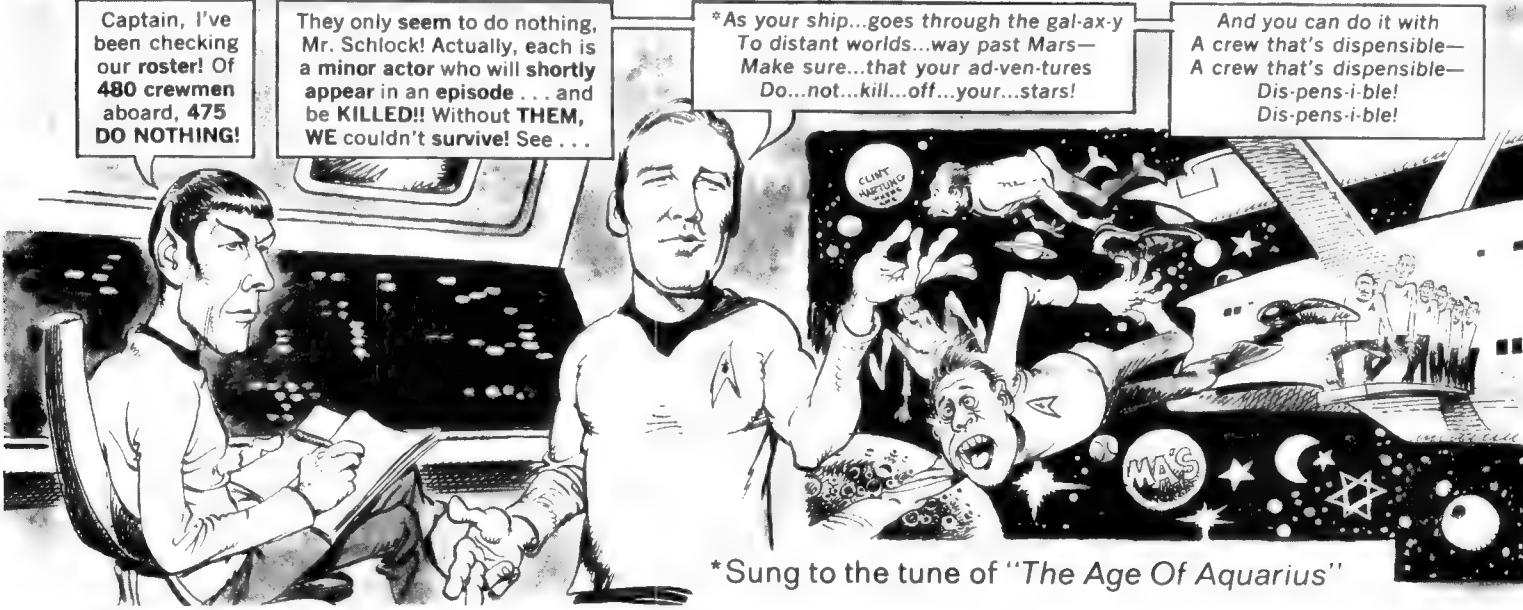
\*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

Captain, I've  
been checking  
our roster! Of  
480 crewmen  
aboard, 475  
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing,  
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is  
a minor actor who will shortly  
appear in an episode . . . and  
be KILLED!! Without THEM,  
WE couldn't survive! See . . .

\*As your ship...goes through the gal-ax-y  
To distant worlds...way past Mars—  
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures  
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with  
A crew that's dispensable—  
A crew that's dispensable—  
Dis-pens-i-ble!  
Dis-pens-i-ble!



\*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on  
Perish when they meet a Klingon!  
One-time players not seen later  
Vanish in a planet's crater!  
Those of us who try to aid them  
Fail because the script has made them  
Dis-pens-i-ble!  
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!

CAPTAIN!!  
The ship  
can't TAKE  
any more!

You mean ... the  
SUPERSTRUCTURE  
can't stand our  
incredible speed?!

No ... the CREW  
can't stand your  
terrible singing!  
We're close to  
a MUTINY!!

Dr. McGoy,  
I think  
I've got a  
ruptured  
appendix!

Take it our your-  
self! I'm just not  
interested in trite,  
hackneyed Earth  
ailments any more!



\*I'm a doctor out in space,  
And, like, I really groove this place,  
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—  
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!  
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen  
Is real keen—  
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!

Observe that crewman rub his leg;  
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;  
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—  
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—  
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze  
When he dies—  
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,  
I thought this man had caught the flu;  
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—  
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—  
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,  
I'll run tests—  
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!

Oh, what a joy it is to see  
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—  
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us  
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"  
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,  
I'll make notes—  
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



\*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only  
**ONE THING**  
I love better  
than a space  
disease, and  
that's baiting  
Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock!  
Why does a  
Vulcan have  
pointed ears?

I . . . I don't  
know! Why . . . ?

So he can count to twelve!  
  
ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"!  
How long must I put up  
with this mockery?! If  
only these clods knew  
how a Vulcan really feels!

\*It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen  
telling Vulcan jokes on ship;  
And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy,  
who thinks I'm something of a freak;  
And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore  
them and they're only chatting back just to be kind;  
And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a  
weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's having blood that's green and with your  
stomach situated 'bove your heart;  
And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulan by  
fingering his neck;  
And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings  
who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind;  
And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me  
as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the  
other crewmen think;  
And finding out there's nothing on their minds  
but sex and making out in space;  
And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling  
of what "making out" means to the human mind;  
And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing  
something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



\*Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"

Sir, I'm  
picking  
up faint  
signals  
from  
Planet  
Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

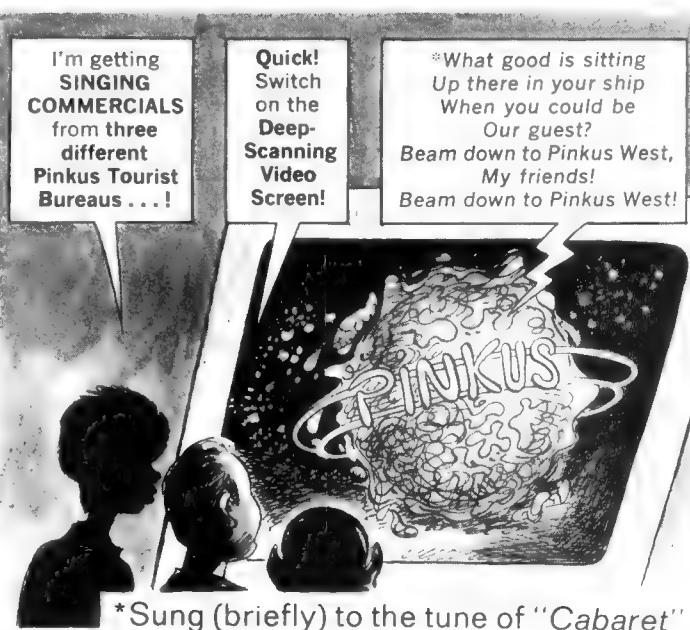
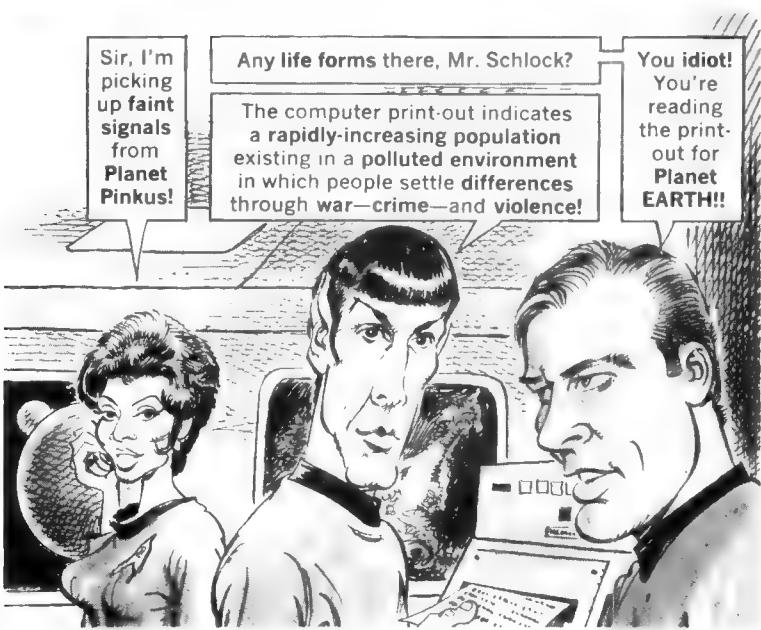
The computer print-out indicates  
a rapidly-increasing population  
existing in a polluted environment  
in which people settle differences  
through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot!  
You're  
reading  
the print-  
out for  
Planet  
EARTH!!

I'm getting  
**SINGING  
COMMERCIALS**  
from three  
different  
Pinkus Tourist  
Bureaus . . . !

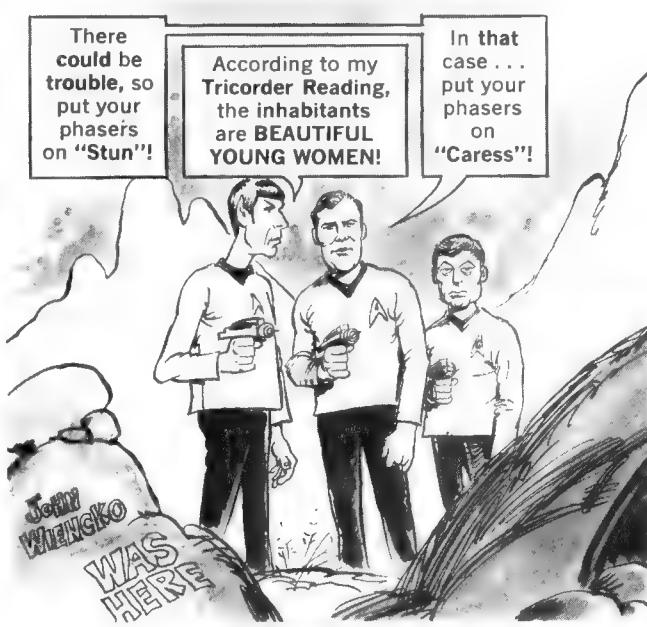
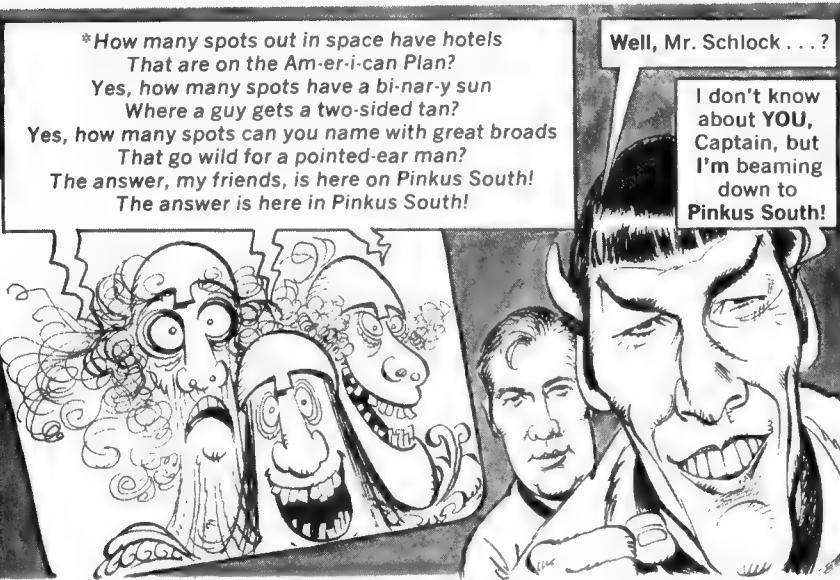
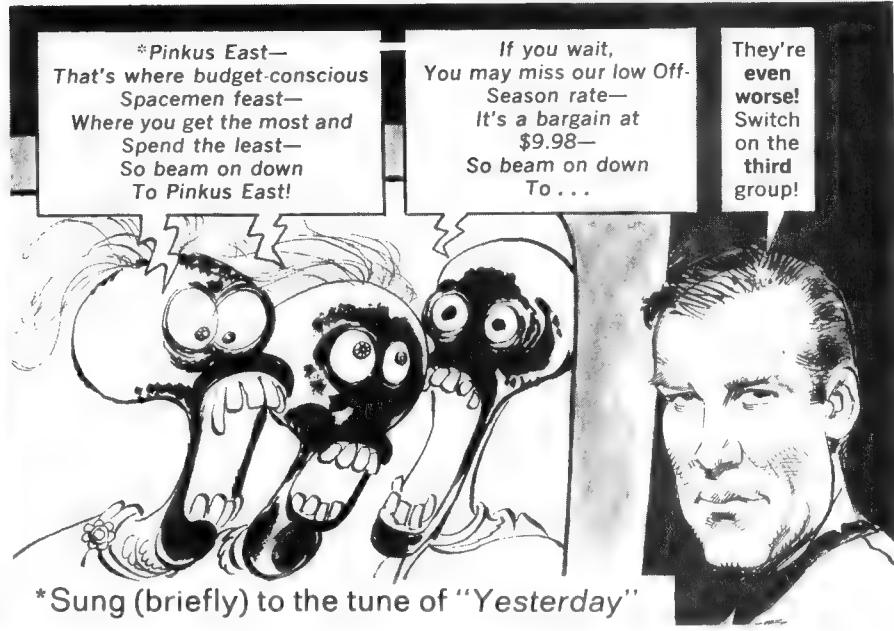
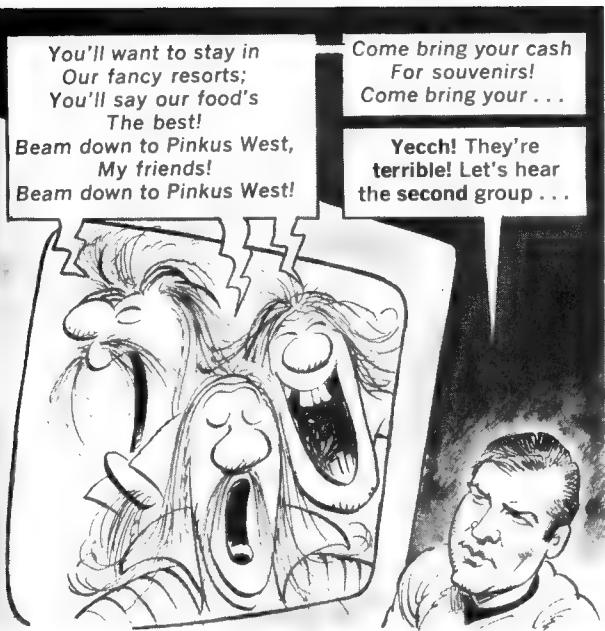
Quick!  
Switch  
on the  
Deep-  
Scanning  
Video  
Screen!

\*What good is sitting  
Up there in your ship  
When you could be  
Our guest?  
Beam down to Pinkus West,  
My friends!  
Beam down to Pinkus West!

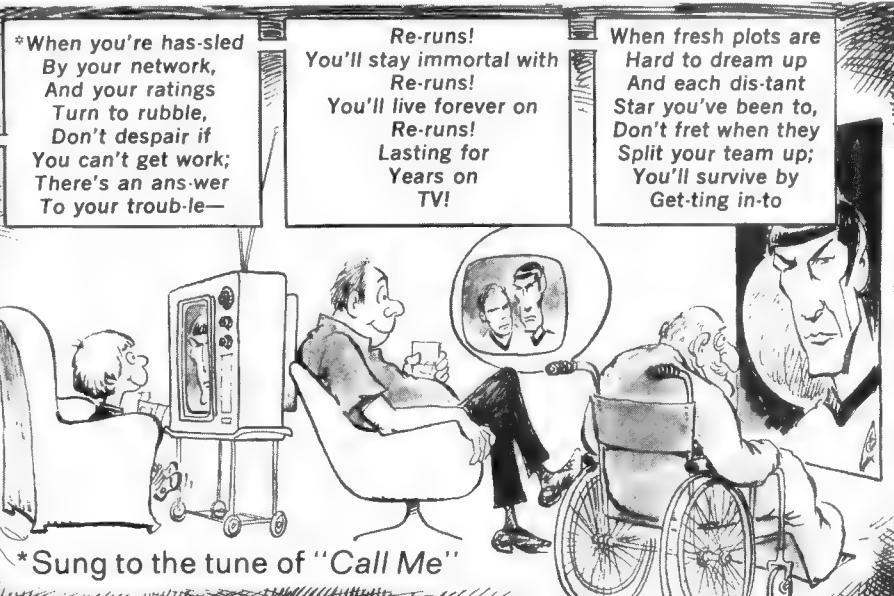
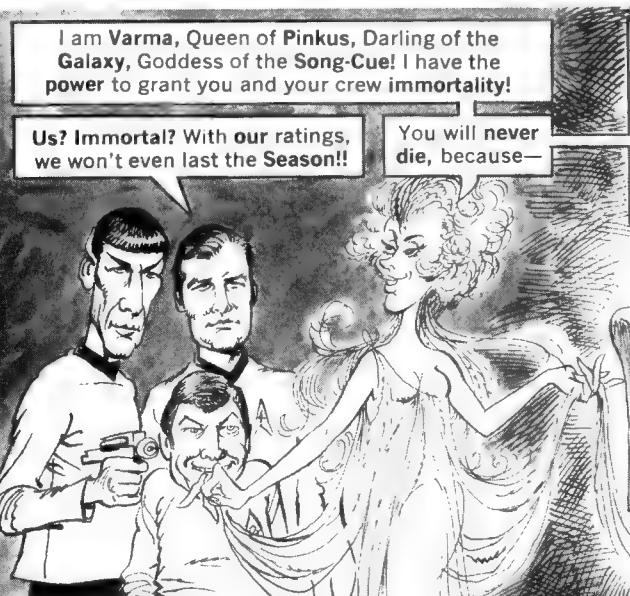


\*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"

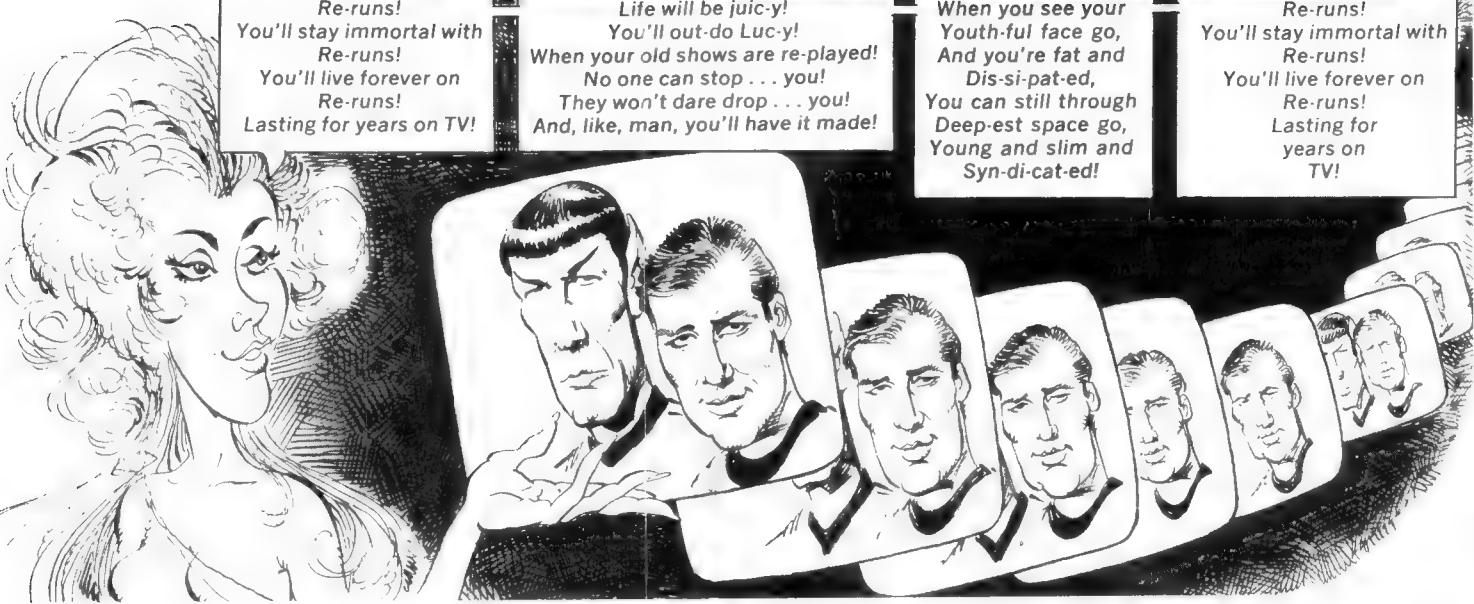




\*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"



\*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"



**Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight!** Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together **eight years after the death of our show!**

Sorry to keep  
you waiting,  
Gentlemen!  
Now, let's get  
right down to  
business . . .

So YOU'RE the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President  
of NBC! We want you and your crew  
to fly through space again . . . coast  
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?  
We'd be out  
of our minds!  
We're sitting  
pretty the  
way we are!

We're idolized  
by thousands  
of Sci-Fi fans!  
We're mobbed by  
gorgeous teen-  
age "Trekkies"!

We've got it made with  
RE-RUNS and LECTURES  
and CONVENTIONS! With  
ROYALTIES pouring in  
from BOOKS and MODELS  
and TOYS and POSTERS!

We  
don't  
need  
YOU!  
We've  
got—



\*Money!  
That's the reason  
We don't have a care!  
Money!  
Oh, yessiree, we  
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there  
Who are buying our stuff;  
They're hooked, we swear,  
And that's enough!

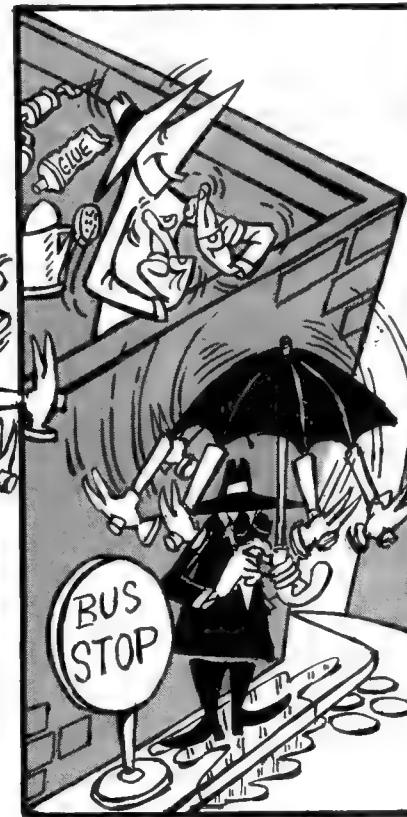
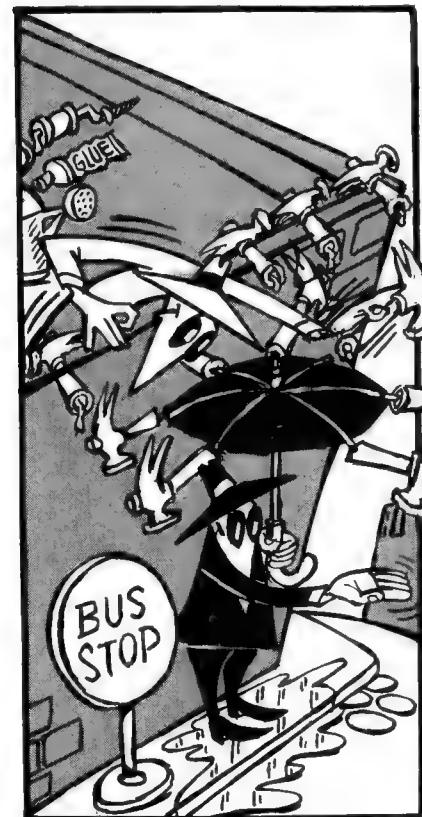
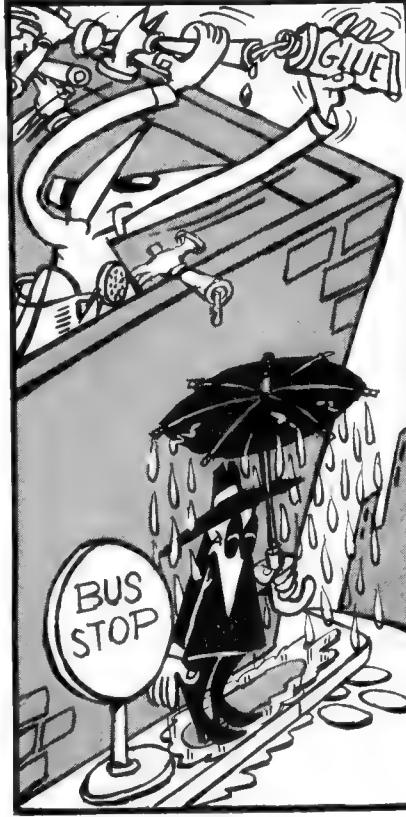
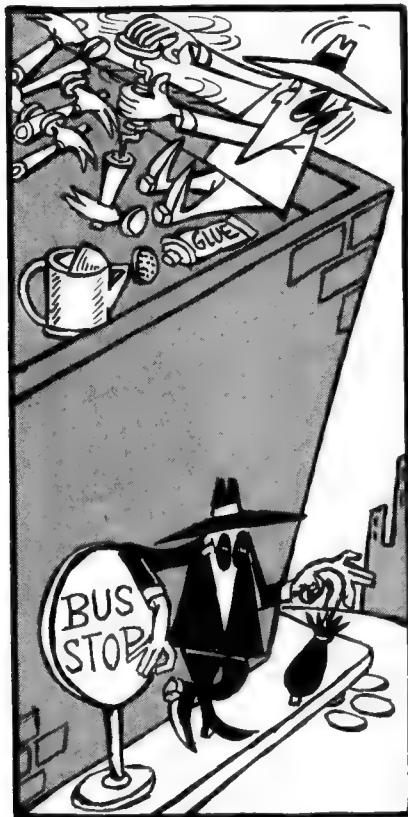
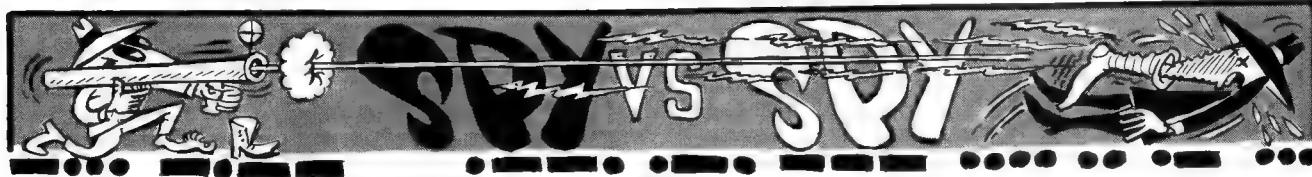
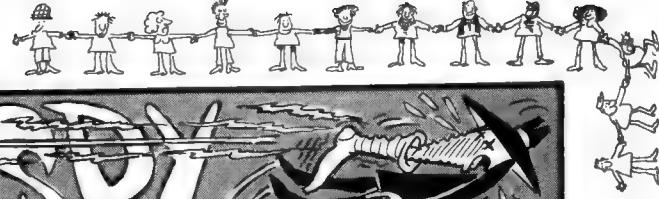
Yes,  
Money  
Coming  
Through—  
We love  
You!

Money!  
Piling up in  
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!  
Money!  
From the sales of  
Kits and pap-er-backs!

Let's cheer those kids  
Who go in hock  
From buy-ing dolls  
Of Mr. Schlock!

Oh,  
Money!  
We love  
You!  
Yes, we  
Do!



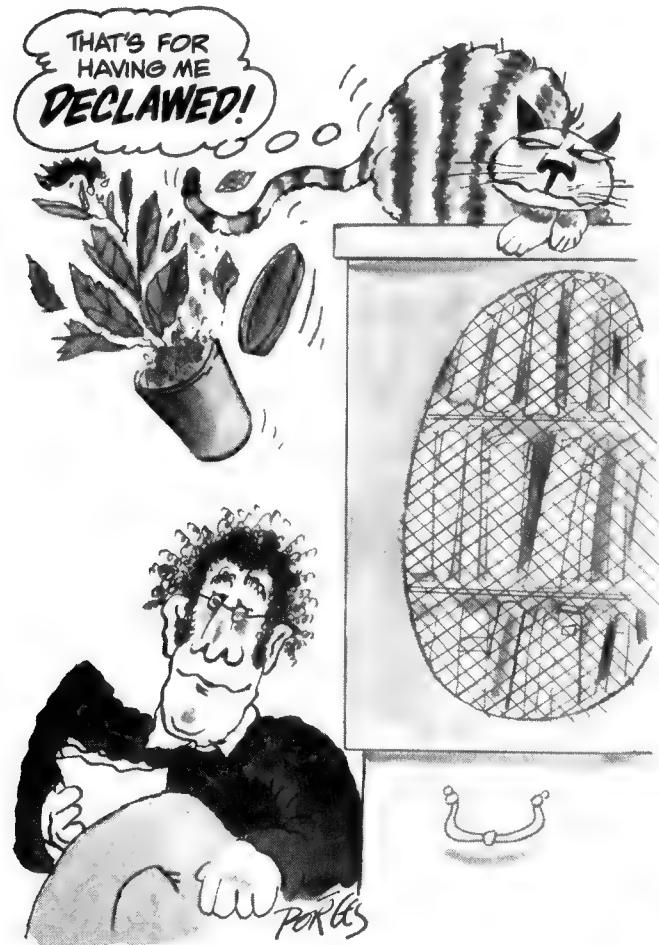


# CAT THO



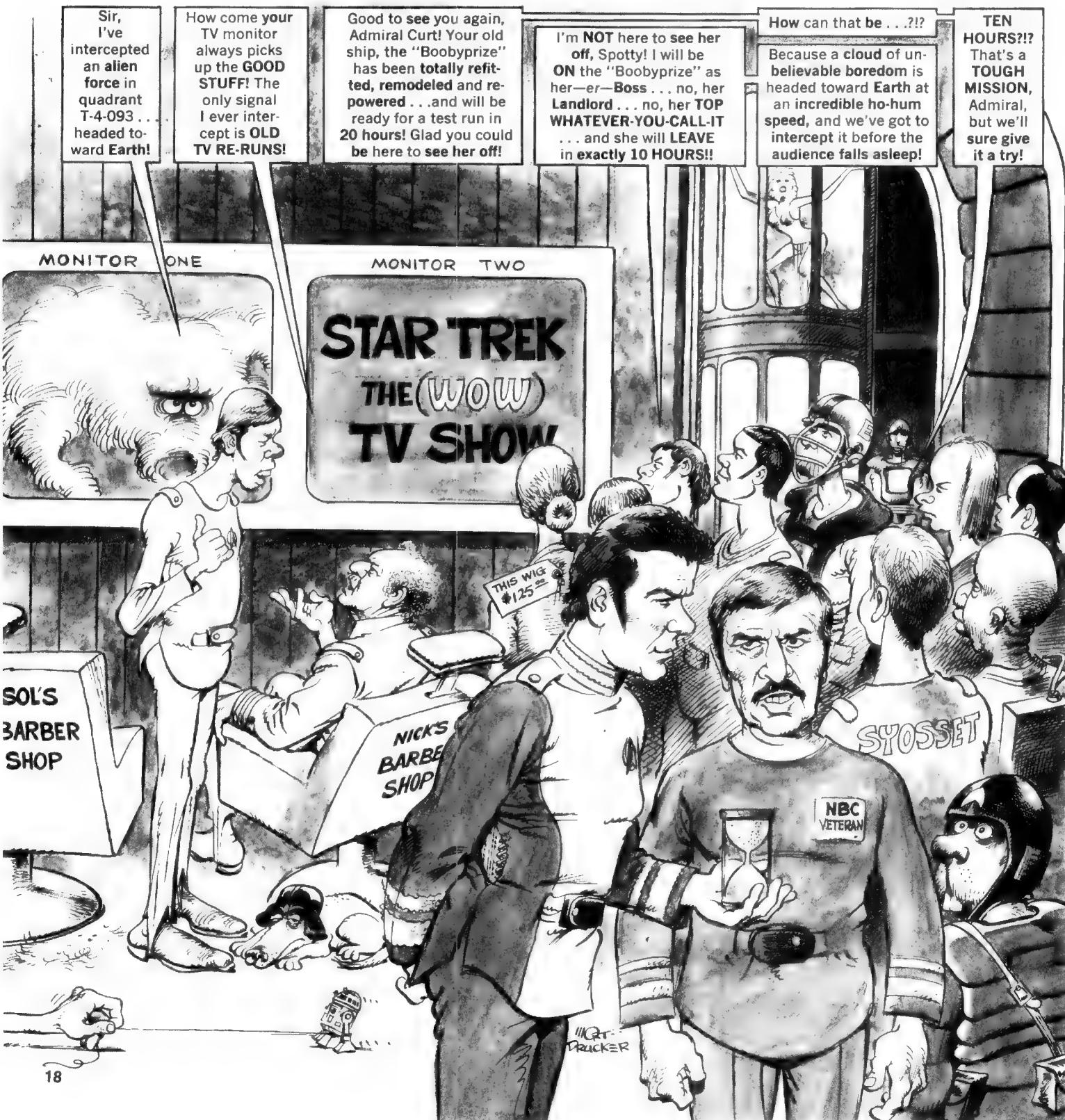
# DOUGHTS

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



First, there was "Star Trek"—The (Wow!) Television Show! When it finally went off the air, millions of fans wrote the networks to put it back on! Well, the show didn't go back on, but the "repeats" did, and they've been shown hundreds of times. A "cult-following" formed . . . fan clubs were organized . . . conventions were held. In order to satisfy all the "Trekkies" around the world, there was only one thing that could be done: Charge them all \$4, \$5 or \$6 . . . and PROVE once and for all that a cheap old television episode re-run is a helluva lot better than a new multi-million dollar motion picture! We're talking about . . .

IS



# TAR BLEECH

## THE (GACCK!) MOTION PICTURE

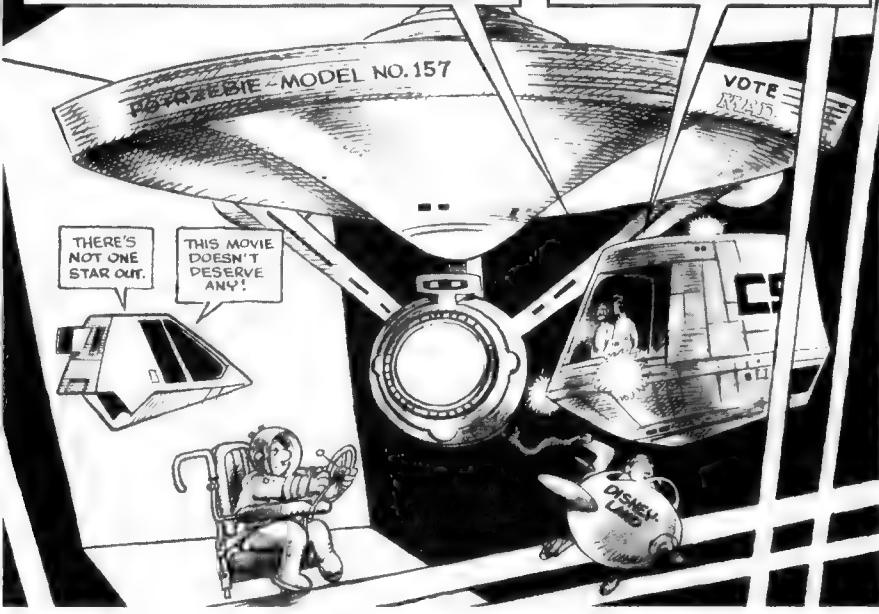


There she is, Admiral . . . totally remodeled! She has EIGHT TIMES the "orchestra power" of the OLD "Boobyprize"! Notice how every speech you make is almost wiped out with a symphony of sound! It has all new engines, and we've increased its range tenfold by using the biggest "D" batteries ever made!

I'm overwhelmed! I've got a lot of memories tied up in that ship! The "Boobyprize" not only brought me international fame, but was ALSO responsible for almost ending my ACTING CAREER!

You must be very emotional about seeing the Boobyprize again, Sir! You've circled it six times already!

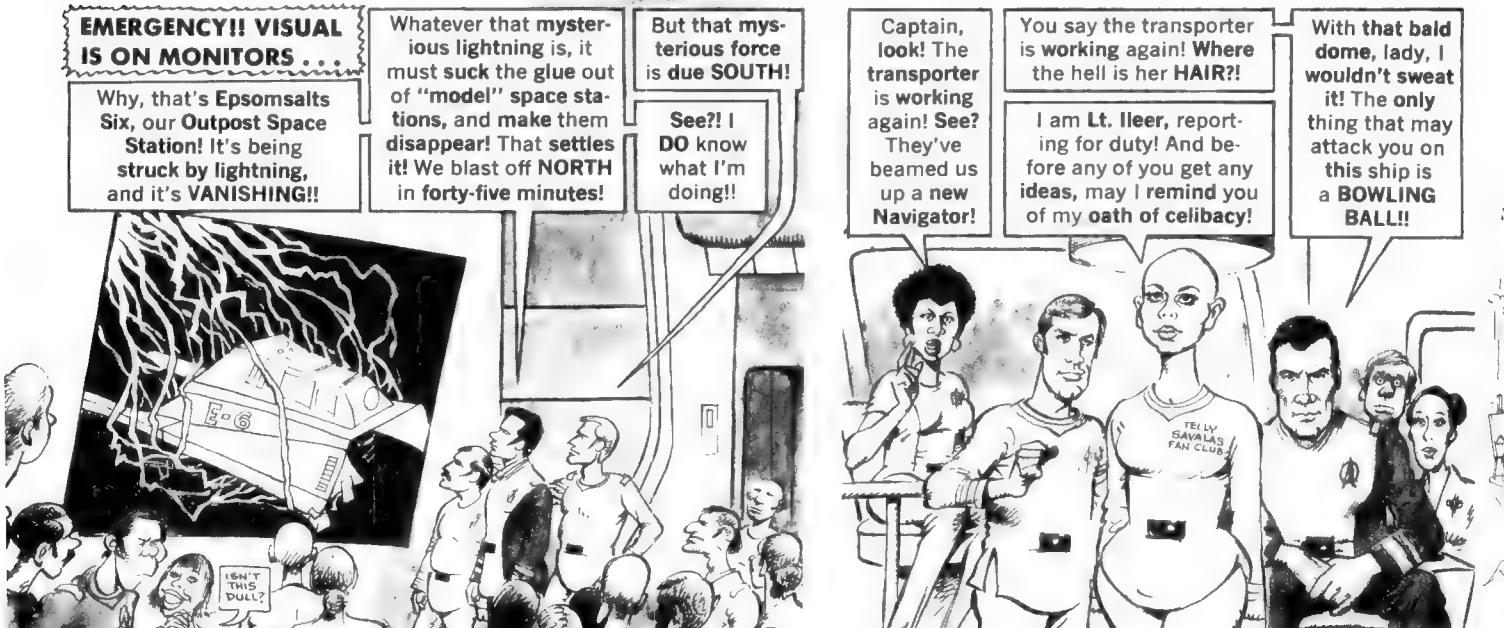
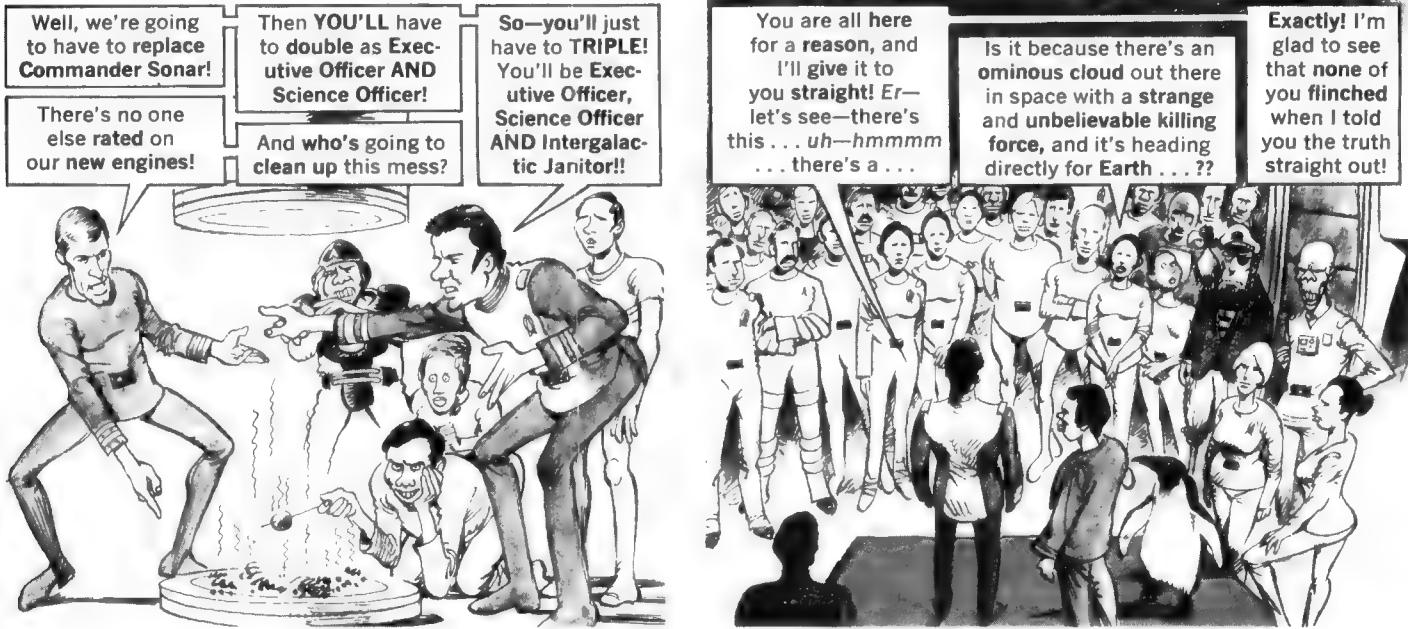
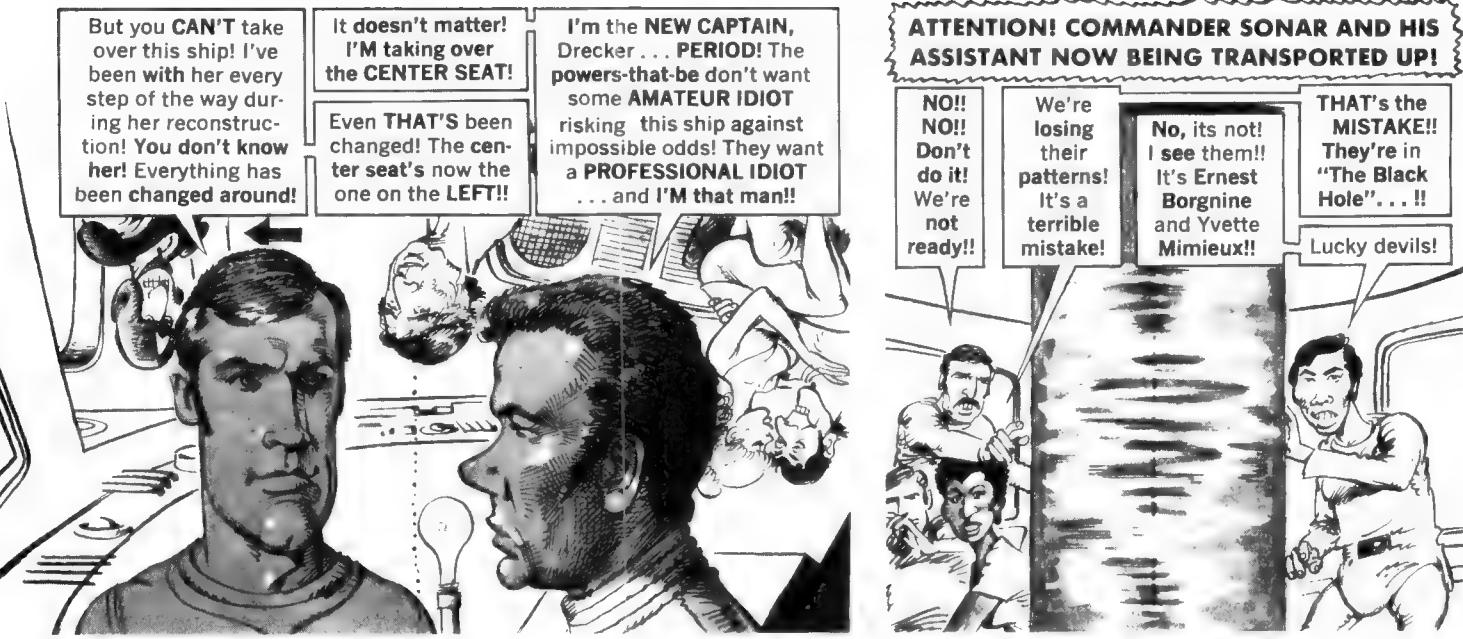
Yes, I AM emotional about seeing her again! But ALSO . . . WHERE in hell is the DOOR to get in?



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Here comes the final member of the crew!!

DOCTOR BECOY!!  
How good to see  
you! I NEVER  
thought YOU'D  
volunteer again!

ME?! VOLUNTEER?  
Some @#\$%&% put  
a "pay phone" sign  
on the transporter  
... and when I  
stepped inside to  
make a phone call,  
I was BEAMED here!

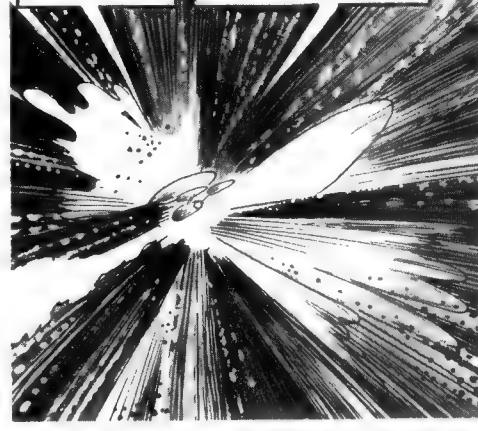
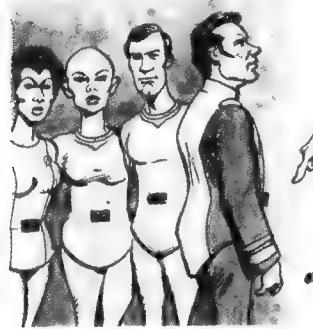
Attention!  
Prepare for  
immediate  
departure!  
Spotty, I  
want "warp  
one" speed!

Captain, we've never run  
these engines before! Only  
someone with a "warped  
brain" would order "warp  
speed" with new engines!

Warp one, and NOW!!!

Wow! Look at  
all those  
magnificent  
colors! So  
this is what  
warp speed  
is like!!

Warp speed, nothing!  
We didn't have time  
to stow away any of  
the PAINT CANS!!  
That's PAINT you  
see ... spilling all  
over everywhere ... !



Captain!  
We have  
negative  
control  
from  
inertial  
lag ...

Navigational  
deflectors  
inoperative!  
Subspace  
frequencies  
jammed and  
ineffective!

Engines com-  
ing loose  
from pylons!  
Emergency!!  
Captain ...  
what are you  
going to do?

Y'know, Drecker! I've  
been thinking about  
how WRONG I was to  
rush into command of  
this ship! YOU know  
it better than I, so  
TAKE CHARGE for now!



EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! IMMINENT DANGER! SHIP  
ON COLLISION COURSE WITH ALIEN ASTEROID ... !

Here! YOU  
take the  
Captain's  
chair! Let  
me just  
release my  
seat belt!

WAIT, Sir! That's  
not the seat belt  
release!! That's  
the "TORPEDO  
FIRE" button  
you just pushed!!

Captain Curt!!  
You DID IT!!  
That torpedo  
you fired  
DESTROYED  
THE ASTEROID!

It did?  
I mean,  
OF  
COURSE  
IT  
DID!!



Captain Curt, may  
I speak freely, to  
make you look like  
the schmuck you  
really are ... ?

Permission  
GRANTED?!  
Boy, you  
ARE a  
schmuck!  
I rest  
my case!

Permission granted!

Captain,  
another  
member of  
the crew  
is beaming  
aboard ...

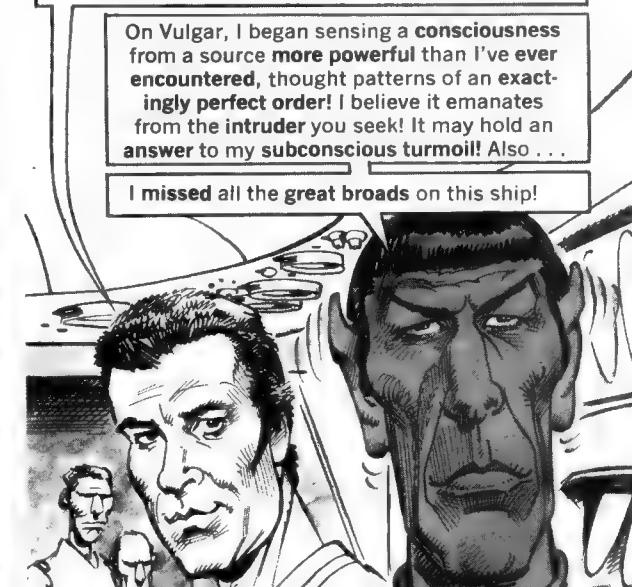
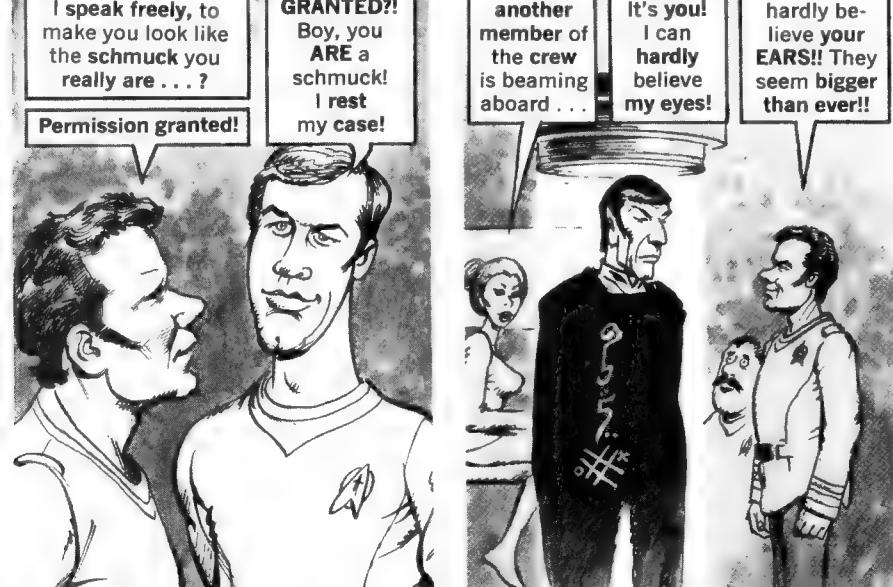
SPOOK!!  
It's you!  
I can  
hardly  
believe  
my eyes!

I can ALSO  
hardly be-  
lieve your  
EARS!! They  
seem bigger  
than ever!!

What brings you back to the Boobyprize, Spook?

On Vulgar, I began sensing a consciousness  
from a source more powerful than I've ever  
encountered, thought patterns of an exact-  
ingly perfect order! I believe it emanates  
from the intruder you seek! It may hold an  
answer to my subconscious turmoil! Also ...

I missed all the great broads on this ship!



You won't have any more trouble with **engine imbalance**, Captain! I made a subtle change that **corrected** it! Instead of having **all** four engines on **one** side of the ship, I put two on **each** side!!

What an advanced mind you have, Spock!

**Captain, I believe we're being radiated!**

Is it possible that the friendship signals we're sending out are being interpreted as acts of hostility?

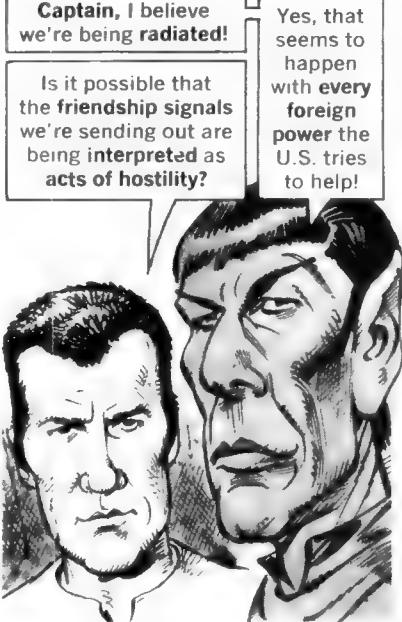
Yes, that seems to happen with **every** foreign power the U.S. tries to help!

By the Gods of Vulgar, they're sending out an **energy** of the **twelfth power**!

Is that a lot?

**A LOT?!** Let's see—why, that's precisely **TWICE** the energy of the **SIXTH** power!

What a mind . . . ! What a mind . . . !

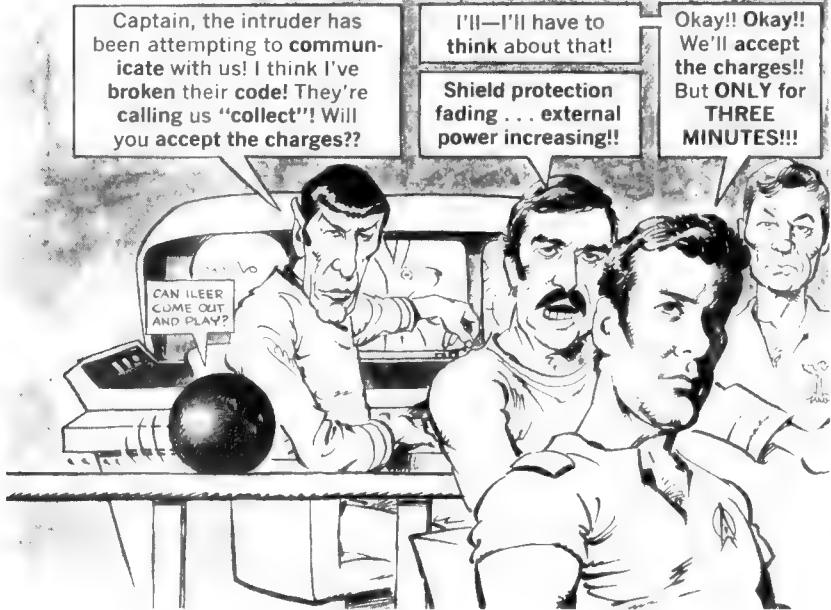


Captain, the intruder has been attempting to **communicate** with us! I think I've broken their code! They're calling us "collect"! Will you accept the charges??

I'll—I'll have to think about that!

Shield protection fading . . . external power increasing!!

Okay!! Okay!! We'll accept the charges!! But **ONLY** for **THREE MINUTES!!!**



Look at that! A vessel so large, it's taken complete control of our ship!!

Thank God **SOMEBODY** has finally taken complete control of our ship!!



I estimate its striking power at seventy billion megatronic ampere-volts or more!

Uh—I say, let's not fool with it!

Boy, it's just one brilliant tactical decision after another with you, isn't it, Captain?!

**INTRUDER ALERT!! INTRUDER ALERT!!**

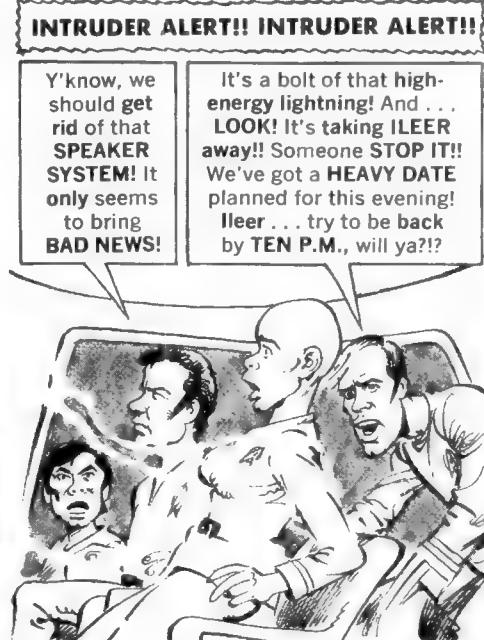
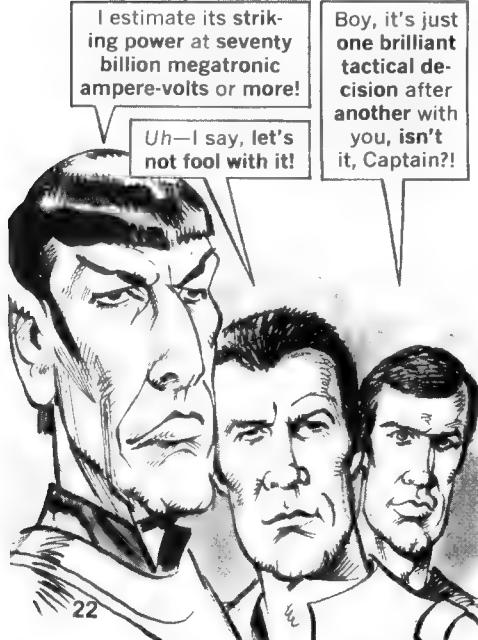
Y'know, we should get rid of that **SPEAKER SYSTEM!** It only seems to bring **BAD NEWS!**

It's a bolt of that high-energy lightning! And . . . **LOOK!** It's taking **ILEER** away!! Someone **STOP IT!!** We've got a **HEAVY DATE** planned for this evening! **Ileer . . .** try to be back by **TEN P.M.**, will ya?!!

First, engine failure! Then **Ileer** is taken! What's next?

**CAPTAIN . . .** we're being seized by a **TRACTOR BEAM!!**

I didn't want an **ANSWER**, Spock! Can't I ask a rhetorical question that doesn't have a disaster for an answer???



The alien vessel is pulling us inside itself! But, WHY?? Certainly, if it wanted to DESTROY us, it could have destroyed us OUTSIDE itself, right?

Perhaps it didn't want to litter the universe!

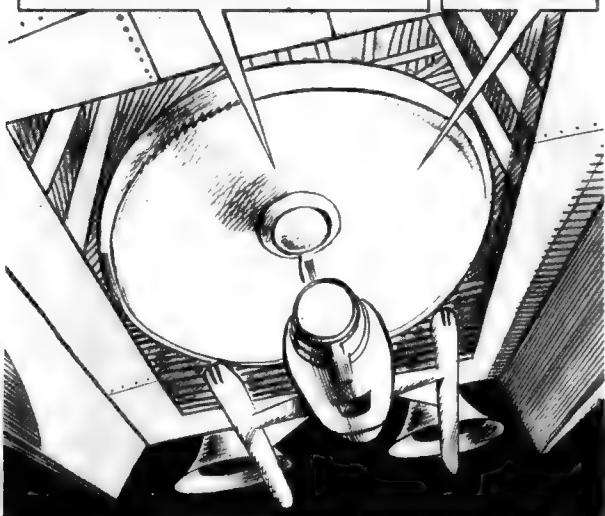
**EMERGENCY!  
INTRUDER  
ALERT!**

Will someone tear that @ # speaker off the wall??!

Look! It's ILEER!! She's back and she's wearing a strange bathrobe!

I know! She vanished so she could slip into something more comfortable!

I have been programmed by V'ger to study the carbon-based units that infest the U.S.S. Boobyprize! It was my luck to draw the short end of the stick...



She—she's some kind of ROBOT!!

At least SHE has an EXCUSE for her acting! What's YOURS?

Who is "V'ger"?

And who is the Creator?

V'ger-is-the-Creator!

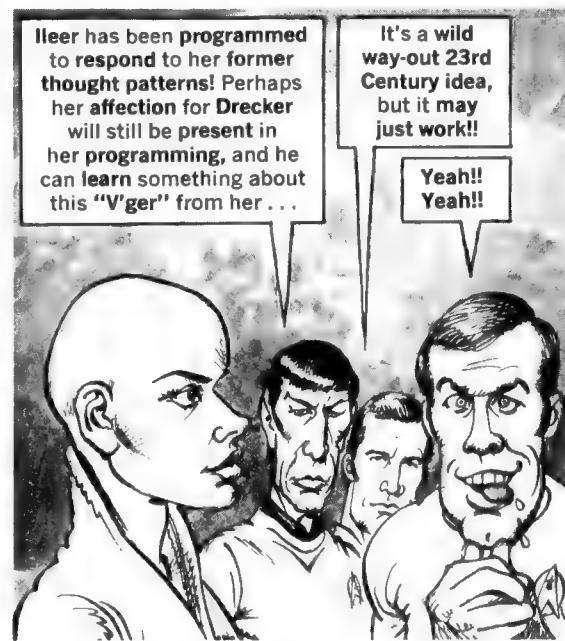
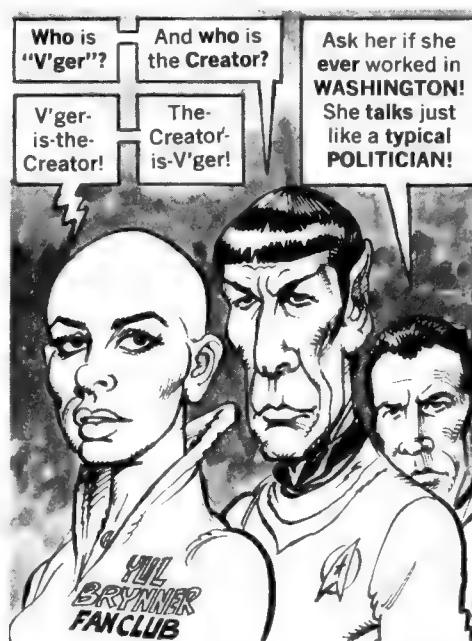
The-Creator-is-V'ger!

Ask her if she ever worked in WASHINGTON! She talks just like a typical POLITICIAN!

Ileer has been programmed to respond to her former thought patterns! Perhaps her affection for Drecker will still be present in her programming, and he can learn something about this "V'ger" from her...

It's a wild way-out 23rd Century idea, but it may just work!!

Yeah!! Yeah!!



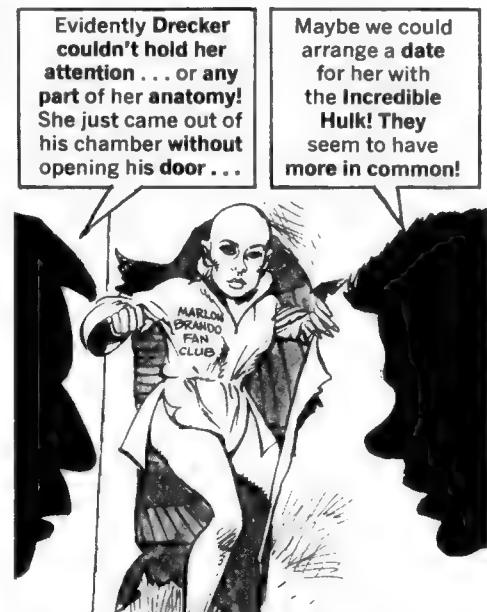
Is Mr. Drecker having any success, Captain?

He's using audio-visual manipulation!

Yeah... he's whispering in her ear, and undressing her at the same time!!

Evidently Drecker couldn't hold her attention... or any part of her anatomy! She just came out of his chamber without opening his door...

Maybe we could arrange a date for her with the Incredible Hulk! They seem to have more in common!



Spook, why are you out here?

I came out here to seek some answers, Captain?

So did I! And here are the questions: Did you SIGN for that thruster suit? When are you going to RETURN it? Did you leave a DEPOSIT?



You have asked to meet with "V'ger" — and this is V'ger! Now you must give V'ger the Creator!

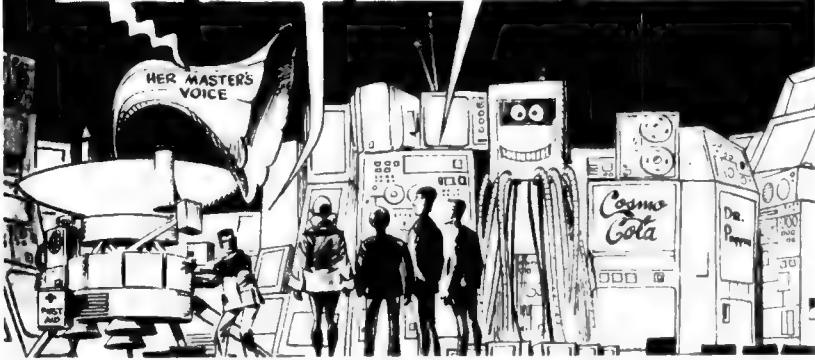
Wait! This sign . . . ! It doesn't say "V'ger"! See? When I brush away the dirt, it says "VOYAGER VI"!

Interesting! We are looking at the products of what is probably the universe's most intelligent species . . . and it doesn't even know how to dust!

Voyager VI! It was sent out from Earth with a mission . . . "Learn all that is learnable . . . store all that is storables . . . collect all that is collectable . . . merchandise all that is merchandisable!!"

Obviously, when Voyager VI disappeared from our side of the galaxy, it crashed on a "machine" planet which followed the orders we'd programmed into it! And this is the results! Heer, WE created "V'ger"! Therefore, WE are YOUR CREATOR!!

Statement—rejected!! Earth—carbon—units—create—wars—energy—shortages—political—rip-offs—Inflation—depression—riots—hunger—and—misery!! No—there—must—be—a—**HIGHER—POWER!!**



Curt-unit-listen-to-me! I-and-the-entire-audience-are-growing-restless! You-must-transmit-all-information-on-the-Creator-to-V'ger-immediately! V'ger-is-impatient!!

If you ask me . . . the way to deal with "V'ger" is to treat it **LIKE A BABY!!**

And-if-V'ger-does-not get-the-information—it-will-destroy-the-Earth-with-missiles!

That is, treat it like the universe's **MOST POWERFUL BABY!!**

I have the information V'ger wants!!

It is too late!

And I also have seven boxes of lollipops and two pounds of fudge!

That is better! At last you are taking V'ger seriously!



Let **ME** give V'ger the information by uniting with it, Captain!

But you don't know what it will **DO** to you, Drecker!

Yeah, but what a way to **GO!!**

Drecker was always into cheap-thrills!

Spook . . . did we just witness the beginning of a brand new **LIFE FORM??**

No, Captain . . . we just witnessed the birth of a **brand new Motion Picture ART Form**, where the **SPECIAL EFFECTS** are ten times **MORE INTERESTING** than the people, the plot and the dialogue!



Hello! I'm William Gaines, publisher of MAD! I usually don't get involved in these TV parodies. I don't even read them! All I really care about is how many issues of MAD we sell! But since this is the first time we're satirizing a show whose cast is actually OLDER than me... and since this is the first series I can actually *relate* to, I thought that I should introduce it. Here's...



# The Olden Girls

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITERS: ARNIE & JAY KOGAN

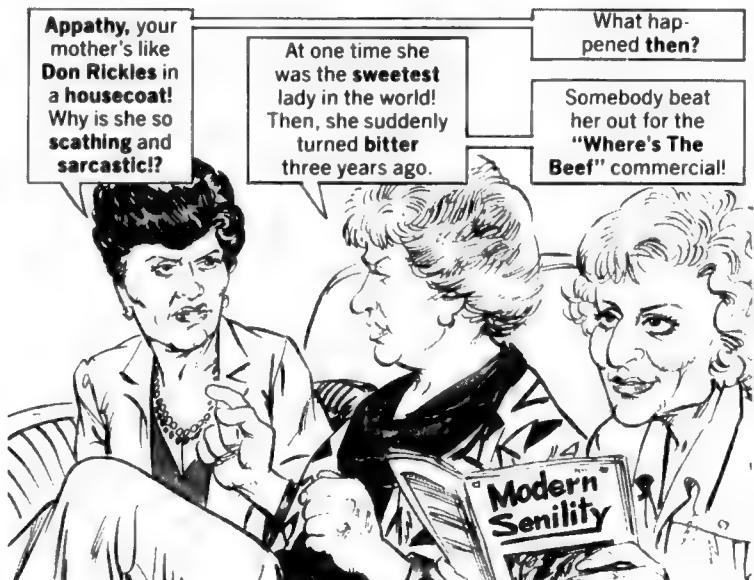
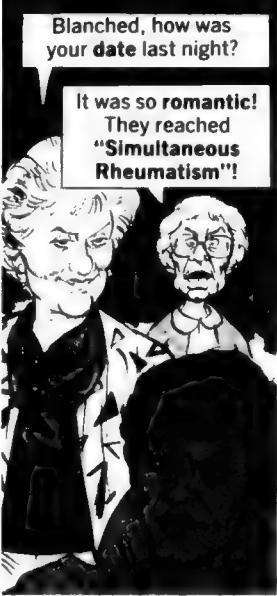
Hi! We're the Olden Girls! I'm Appathy! The sarcastic one! A trait left over from a previous sitcom! I'm the leader and moving force of this series! Although some critics say "All Bran" is the moving force of this series!

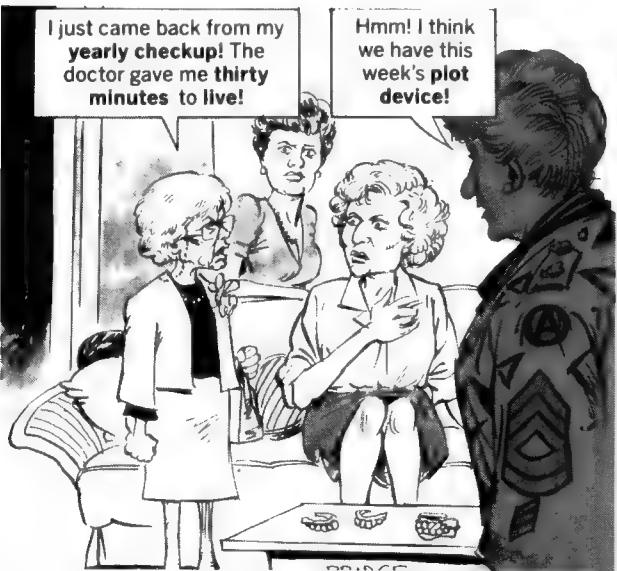
I'm Doze! The dippy one! On the TV "bewilderment" scale, I'm somewhere between Gracie Allen and Georgette Baxter! My occupation: grief counselor! Whenever I counsel anyone on this series, they usually wind up with grief!

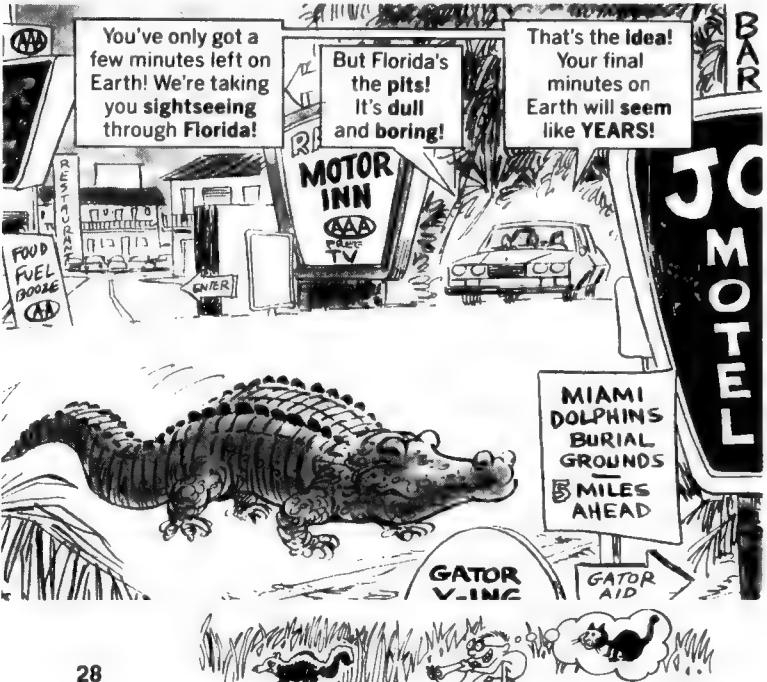
I'm Blanchet! The flirtatious one! I'm a gullible, sex-obsessed southern belle with an accent that went out with Tennessee Williams! Come to think of it, I went out with Tennessee Williams!

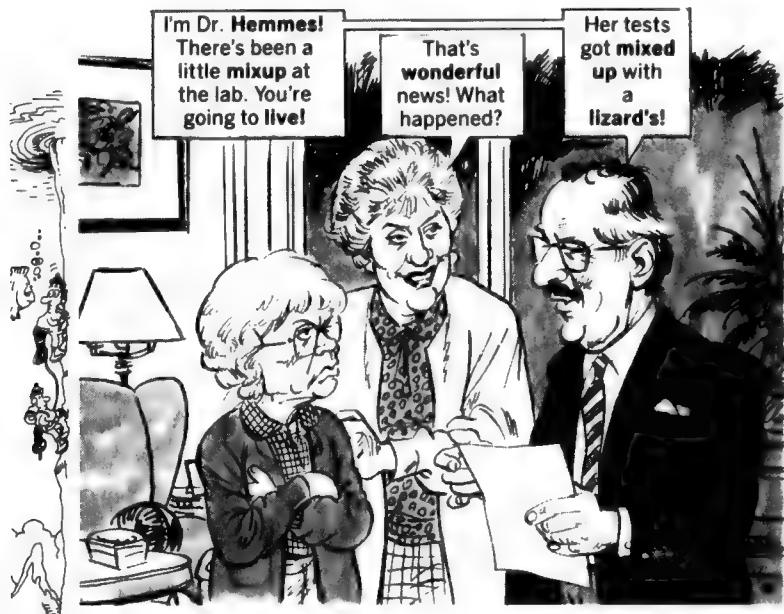
I'm Myopia! The foul mouthed one! I'm a unique TV creation! I look like Grandma Moses and I talk like Al Pacino in Scarface! Remember when all old ladies on TV were like Grandma Walton? I've changed all of that! I'm 80 years old. I can say things in prime time that would get Eddie Murphy thrown off the air!











## TABOO-LATION DEPT.

In answer to the sex polls conducted by *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook*, and *Playboy*, a few months ago *Mad Magazine* surveyed our readership in the form of a questionnaire inserted in every 4 out of 5 issues (it figures—you got the one out of 5 with *no* insert, right?). Well, the figures have been tabulated! We are pleased to present the exciting results of...

# THE MAD READER'S

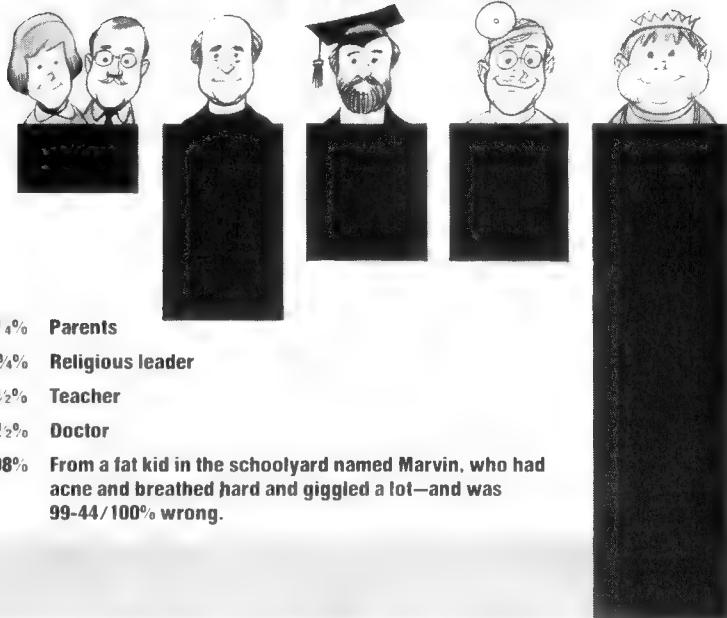
# SEX SURVEY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

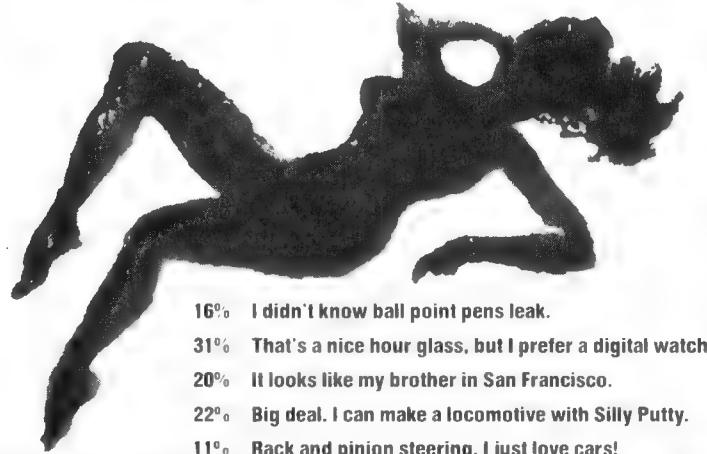
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



## How Did You First Learn About Sex?

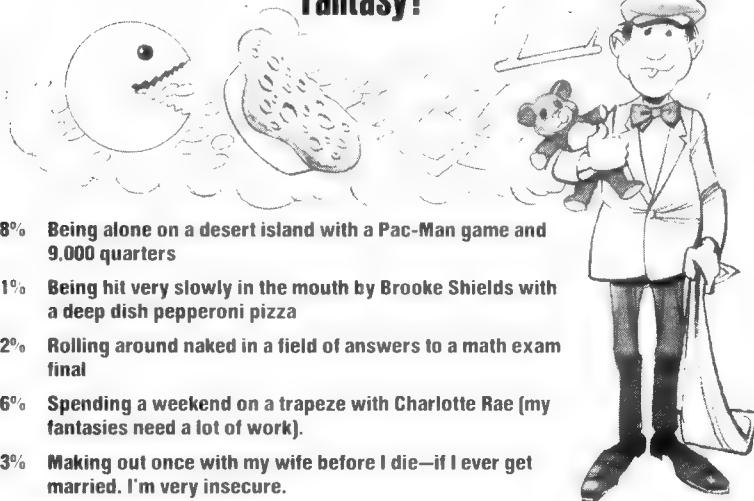


## What Was The First Thing That Came To Your Mind When You Saw This Inkblot?



16% I didn't know ball point pens leak.  
31% That's a nice hour glass, but I prefer a digital watch.  
20% It looks like my brother in San Francisco.  
22% Big deal. I can make a locomotive with Silly Putty.  
11% Rack and pinion steering. I just love cars!

## What Is Your Most Exciting Sexual Fantasy?



18% Being alone on a desert island with a Pac-Man game and 9,000 quarters  
31% Being hit very slowly in the mouth by Brooke Shields with a deep dish pepperoni pizza  
22% Rolling around naked in a field of answers to a math exam final  
16% Spending a weekend on a trapeze with Charlotte Rae (my fantasies need a lot of work).  
13% Making out once with my wife before I die—if I ever get married. I'm very insecure.

## How Old Were You When You Had Your First Sexual Experience?

17%\* Nine or under

60% 10-20

11% 21-40

7% 41-80

5% Over 80

0% Over 80 who lived to be 101 after having sex

100%\*

16-20 year-olds who said they were nine or under to impress friends and frat brothers and still haven't had any sex.



## How Do You Feel About S&M?



- 14% Didn't know what S&M is
- 31% Said they liked the letters B, J, and F much better
- 15% Thought S&M stood for spaghetti and meatballs
- 21% Confused S&M with M&M
- 19% Said they never eat candy during sex

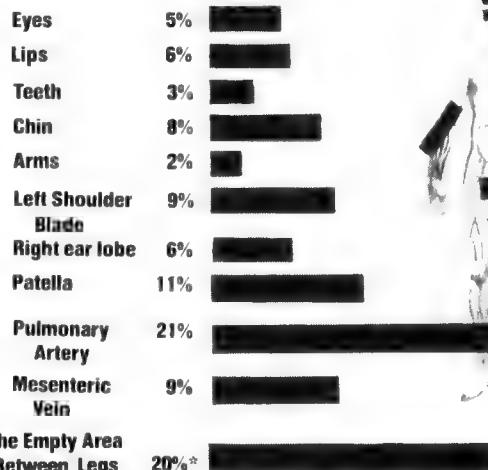
## What's Your Initial Reaction To This Porno Movie Scene?

- 15% How come there's no night light in this bedroom?
- 31% Does that silly lady who broke the ceiling mirror know she's going to have seven years hard luck?
- 20% The man in the dress could go to jail if he rips off that "Do Not Remove" tag from the mattress
- 18% Doesn't the man with the whipped cream know it's not kosher to mix dairy with meat?
- 16% I don't think that man truly loves his tennis shoes. He's probably just trying to make his bedroom slippers jealous!

## Whom Do You Usually Consult With Your Sexual Problems?



## What Do You Find To Be The Sexiest Feature In A Partner?



\*LEARNED ANATOMY FROM KEN AND BARBIE DOLLS



## PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE DEPT.

Usually, sequels to successful movies are total disasters. But the Producers of the "Star Blecch" series have it all backwards. The original was a total disaster and, by comparison, the sequel was a lot better! We're talking about

# STAR BLECCH

How do you feel on your first solo mission as Commander of a Starship, Lieutenant Savvy?

Confident!

Mayday!!  
MAYDAY!!

Confident that we are in very big trouble!!

Commander, we've got total compressor failure, and a complete power unit gasket blow-out!!

Uh... is that serious...?

Is it serious?! That means no frozen yogurt or ice cream for the rest of this mission! I'D call that SERIOUS!!

This is the engine room! The security lock has been breached, the sterilization zone has been violated, and some dumb idiot left the trunk lid open when we pulled away from the garage!

I don't think Lieutenant Savvy studied hard enough for this training mission!

How do you study for "explosions"?

MAYDAY!  
EMERGENCY!

YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FLYING THE UNFRIENDLY SKIES!

STARSHIP INCENTIVE PROGRAM:  
ONE MISTAKE AND YOU ARE THROUGH!

GM CLARK  
ADMIRAL

DRUCKER

HIT

# THE WRECK OF KORN



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

## ON THE STARSHIP "U.S.S. REFINANCED"...

Checkoff... our mission is to seek out and explore areas that are devoid of life forms, so we can use them as subjects for "Project Geritol"!!

Well... we've already checked out Hollywood! Where to next?

Impossible! Not even a DOG could survive that environment! Let's beam down and see what's going on!

Wait a minute! Our sensors are picking up life forms on Alpo V!

I don't believe it! It's the wreckage of the Starship "Botany Tie"! Look! There are piles of dirty dishes that have been accumulating for years!

It's rather obvious! A bachelor must live here!!

Very observant! My God! It's KORN!! You're alive!!

Yes! I am alive, and I never forget a face! How are you doing, Richmond?

I never forget a face! Names? They give me a real problem!



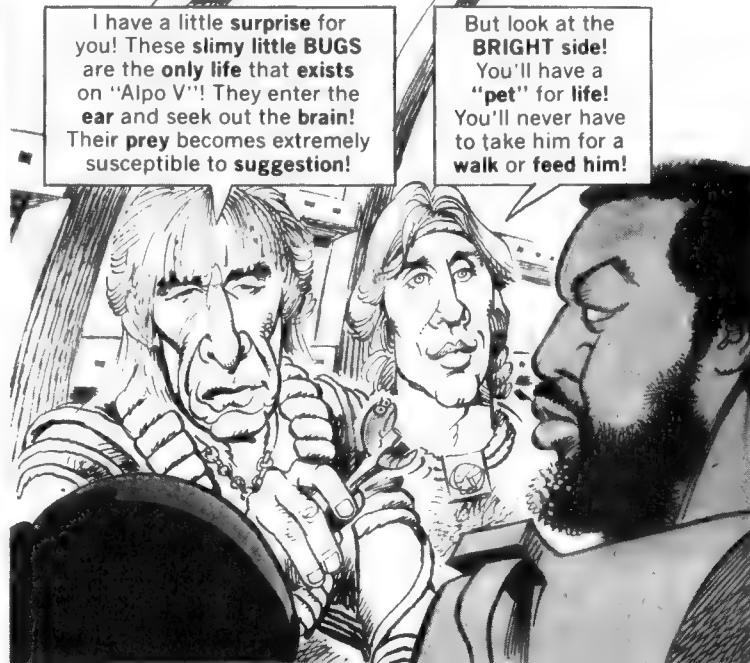
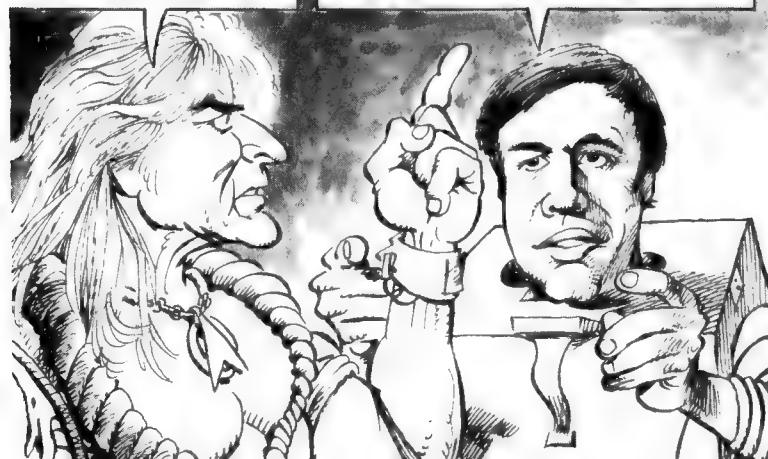
Your friend, Curt, had us fired off into space to spend all of eternity in suspended animation! So for fifteen long years, all I've seen is Pluto!! Not even Donald Duck... or Mickey Mouse!!

And for GOOD REASON!! You tried to take over the planet Earth! If you'd had your way, that poor planet would now be suffering from wars, inflation, high taxes, unemployment and—and—

Hey...!!! Did you give your plan to someone else to put into operation?!

I have a little surprise for you! These slimy little BUGS are the only life that exists on "Alpo V"! They enter the ear and seek out the brain! Their prey becomes extremely susceptible to suggestion!

But look at the BRIGHT side! You'll have a "pet" for life! You'll never have to take him for a walk or feed him!



**Happy birthday, Gym!**  
I brought you a bottle of **brown wine**!  
It goes with **so many more dishes** than the everyday **green wine**!

Oh, yeah... Thanks!

Gym, are you feeling **moody**?

**No! Yes!** Maybe I am! Maybe I'm not! You may be right... but I don't think so!

You know, Gym, you **should** be back in command of a **Starship!** Desk work **doesn't agree** with you! I speak as your **FRIEND** and as your **DOCTOR**! As your friend, I suggest you do it for your **health**! As your **Doctor**, you owe me \$50.00 for **medical advice**!

**It's really good** to see you back on the **flight deck** of the **Boobyprize**, Admiral Curt! Are you still feeling **badly** about reaching **middle age**?

**Not any more!** My mind is as **sharp** and as **clear** today as it was when I first took **Command**!

Oh-oh! We could be in **BIG TROUBLE**!



This is for real now, Lt. Savvy! Have you ever taken a **Starship** out of its mooring?

No, Sir!

Then this if your chance! Do you think you can handle it?

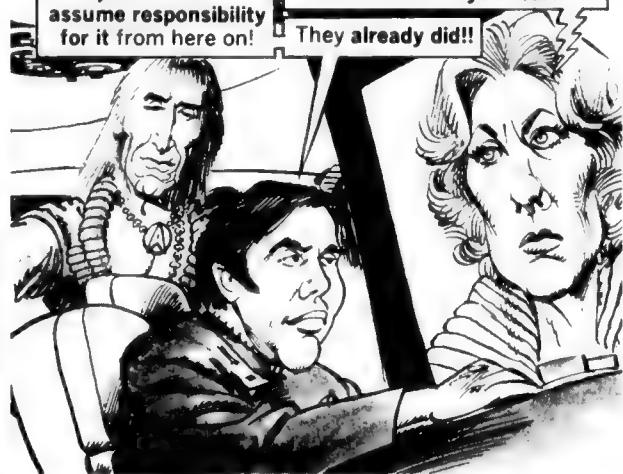
Yes! If I remember my **four years of instruction** and my **training manuals** correctly, I push this button marked **"TOTAL AUTOMATIC DOCK DEPARTURE"!!**

You forgot two items, Lieutenant! You must **ALSO** always hit the **"STAR BLECH THEME"** button—and the **"AUDIO UP"** button!!!

**Irregular One**, this is **Checkoff**! We have been ordered to **pick up** all work done on **"Project Geritol"** and **assume responsibility** for it from here on!

**What?!** Listen, I'm not giving up **"Project Geritol"** without checking with **Adm. Curt** first! And if you don't like it, you can stick it in your ear!!

They already did!!



Admiral Curt, this is Dr. Markus on **Irregular One**!

crackle... crackle...

Admiral Curt, can you hear me! There seems to be **terrible interference**!

crackle... snap... pop!

Just barely, Dr. Markus!

crackle... snap... crackle

You'll have to speak louder! I'm eating a bowl of **Rice Krispies** and they're making a **terrible racket**!

snap... crackle... pop!!

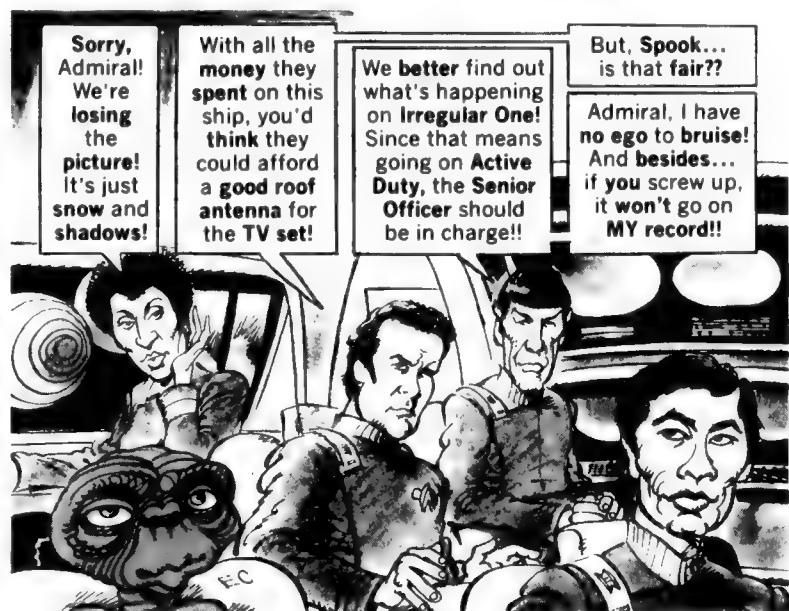
Sorry, Admiral! We're losing the picture! It's just snow and shadows!

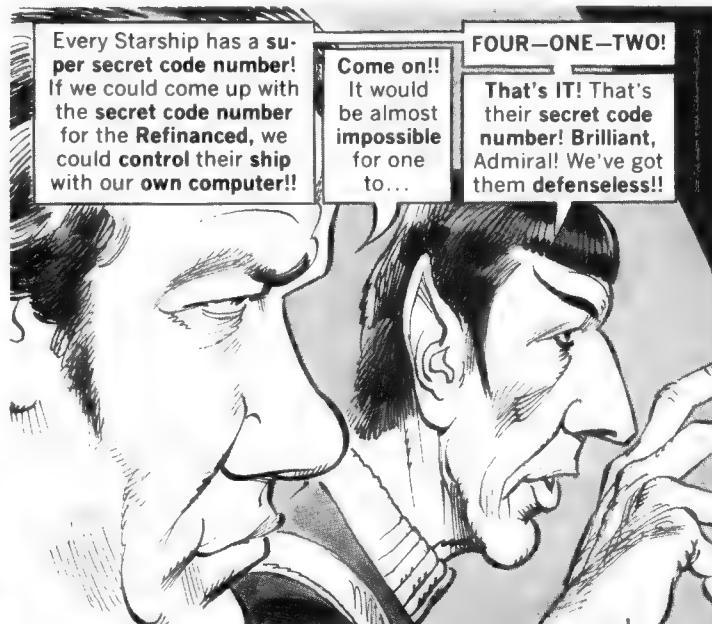
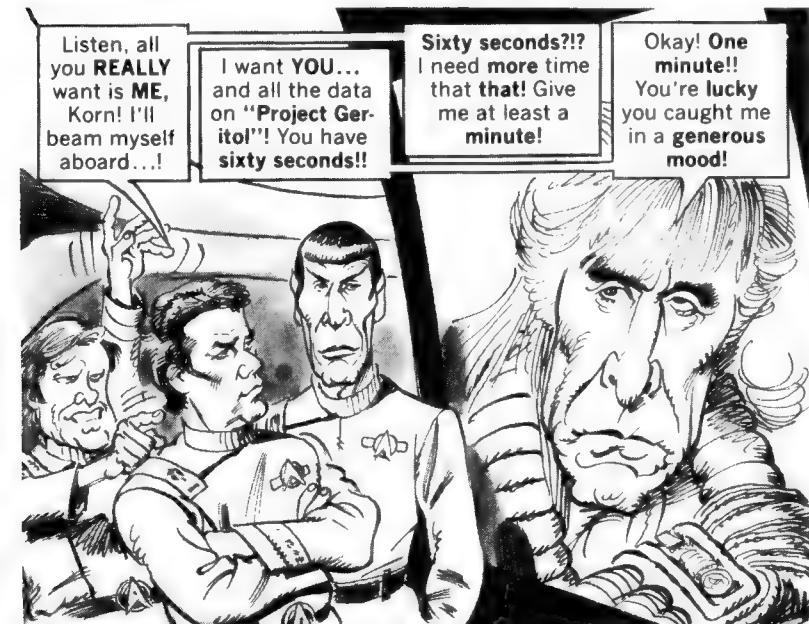
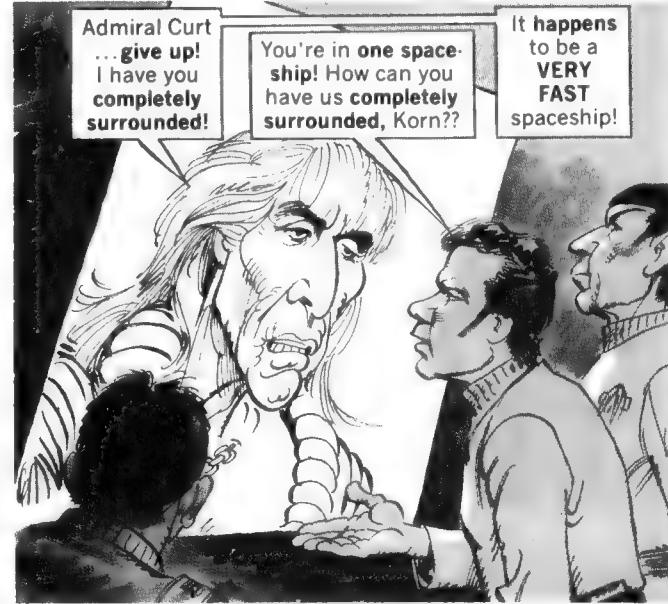
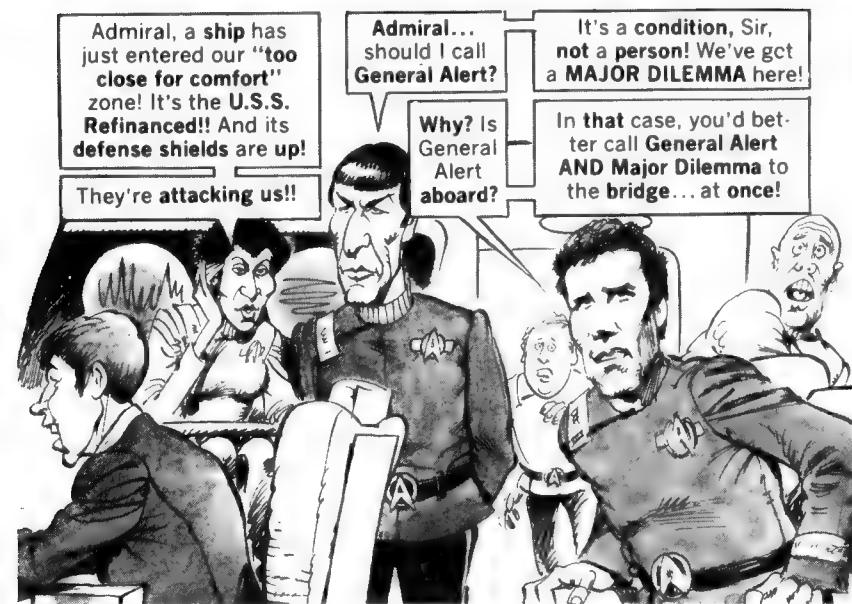
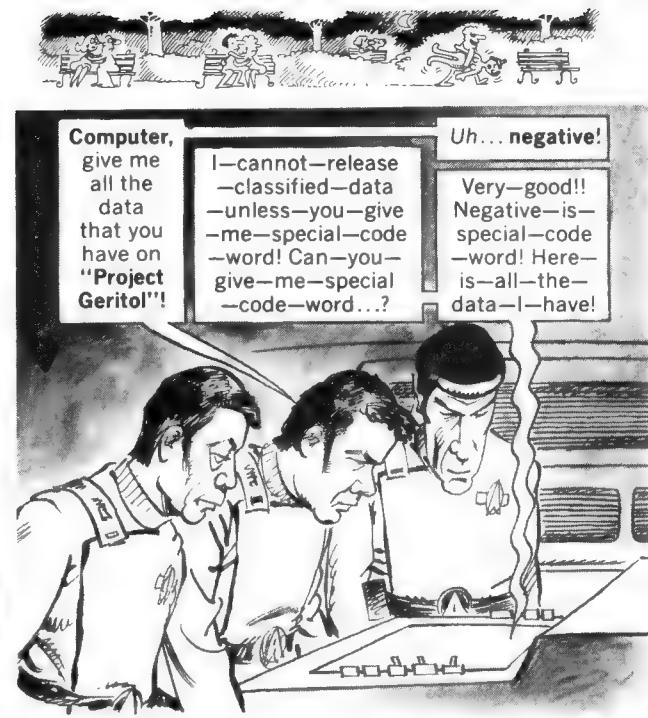
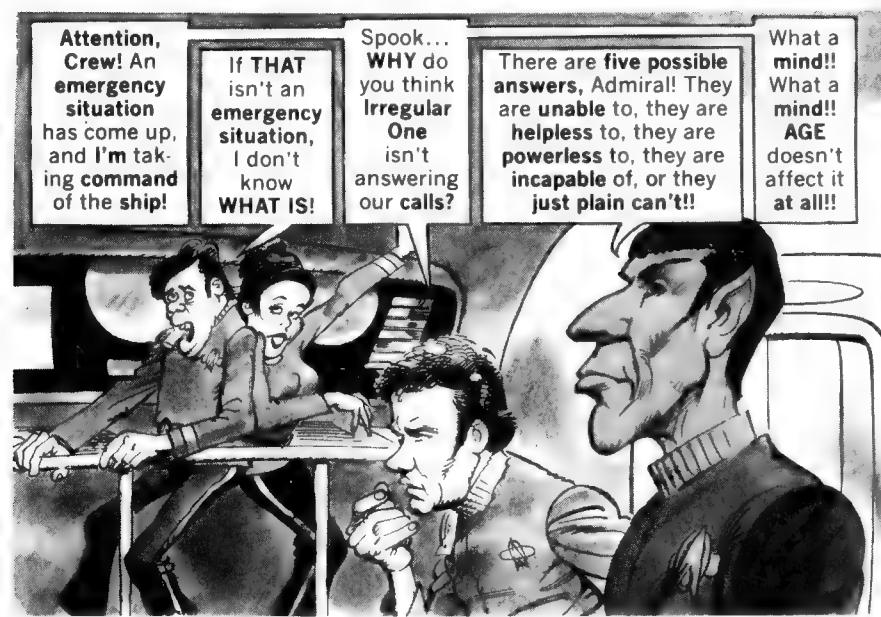
With all the money they spent on this ship, you'd think they could afford a **good roof antenna** for the **TV set**!

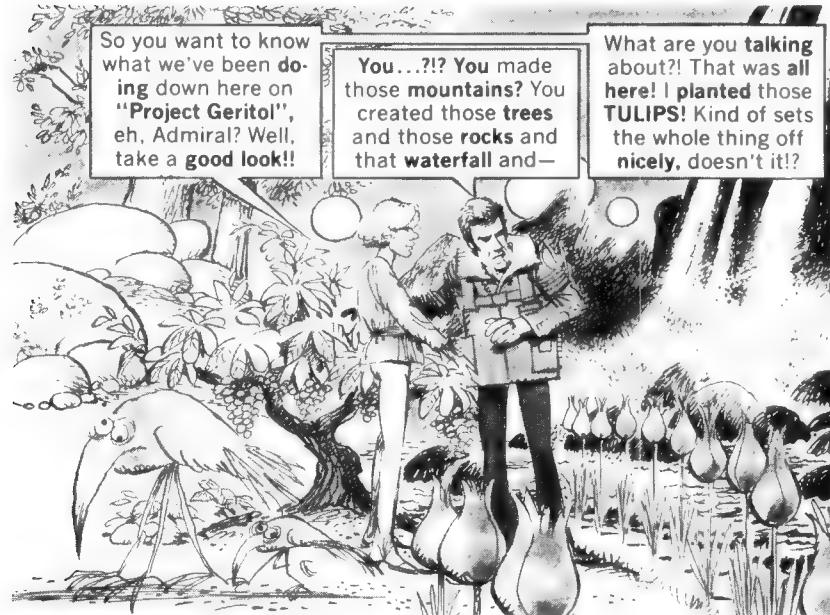
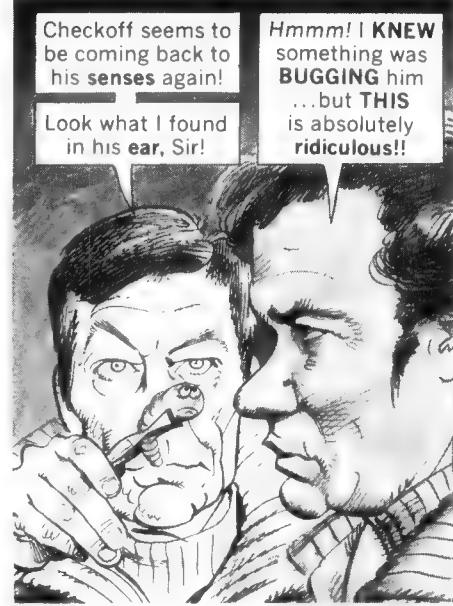
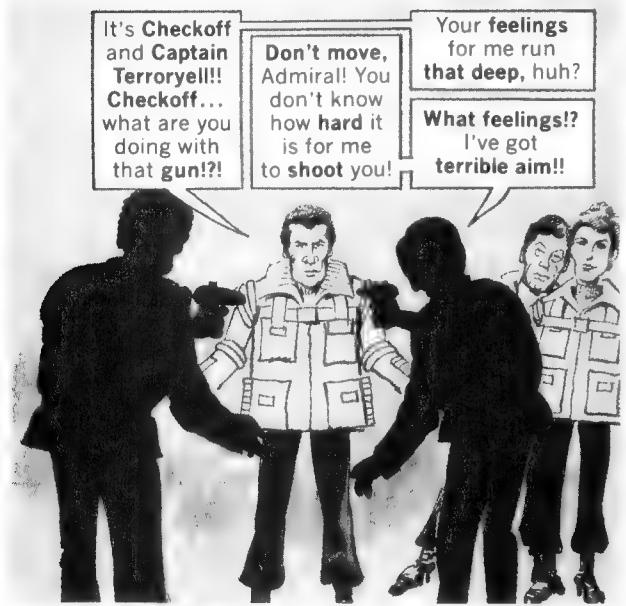
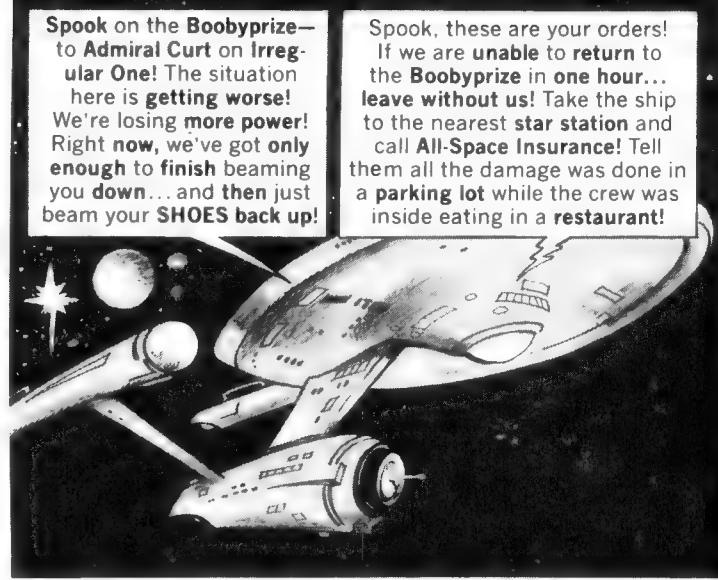
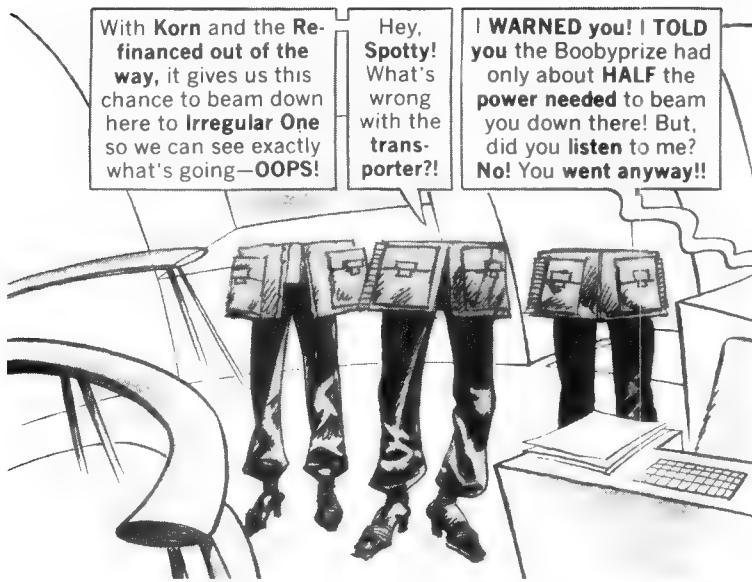
We better find out what's happening on **Irregular One**! Since that means going on **Active Duty**, the **Senior Officer** should be in charge!!

But, Spook... is that fair??

Admiral, I have no ego to bruise! And besides... if you screw up, it won't go on **MY record**!!









Damage, Spotty?

Korn can easily out-manuever us, out-run us and out-gun us! And yet, you seem so UNWORRIED, Admiral!

No, thank you, Admiral Curt! We have plenty of it already!

Don't worry, Spook! We will come out on top in the long run! Korn isn't the ONLY one who can make a FANTASY come true!

I'm picking up a very strange energy source on Refinanced ...one that I've never seen before!!

Good Lord! They've set Geritol for detonation!

HOW dangerous IS Geritol!

VERY!! It's got the power of two million bottles of prune juice!!



Spotty! Get us OUT of here!!

We're not going anywhere, Sir! The nuclear reactor is out!!

MR. SPOOK!! You can't go in there! There are fifty million-zillion units of radio-activity in there!

Don't worry. Mr. Spot! I've got gloves!

I fixed the reactor, Admiral! I—I think we're out of danger!

WE, yes! You...?! Don't ask!

Well... there goes the WRECK of KORN! But he sure keeps on fighting—down to his last breath!

Just you wait, Admiral Curt! You're going to hear from my LAWYERS!

NUCLEAR FACTORY ROOM

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## CLOCK WATCHING

What are you still doing up?  
Do you know what time it is?

Yeah!

I doubt you do! Tell me—  
exactly what time is it?

Half past  
"Moonlighting"!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

## FIDELITY

Boy, you just can't trust any  
of them! I've just found out  
that Sue is a liar, a cheat,  
and totally untrustworthy!

Why do  
you  
say  
that?

She told me she was out  
last night with her  
girl friend **Sherry**!

So, how do  
you know  
she **wasn't**?

Because last night I  
was out with **Sherry**!



## FINANCES



# R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

## INSECTS



## CARS



## BRAGGING



## ON-THE-JOB TRAINING



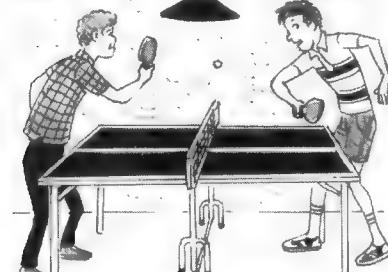
# POPULARITY

# RING

Roy, after what you tried to do last night I never want to see you again! Drop dead, you swine!

Who was that on the phone?

Just another girl! They won't leave me alone!



# FADS

The type that returns everything!

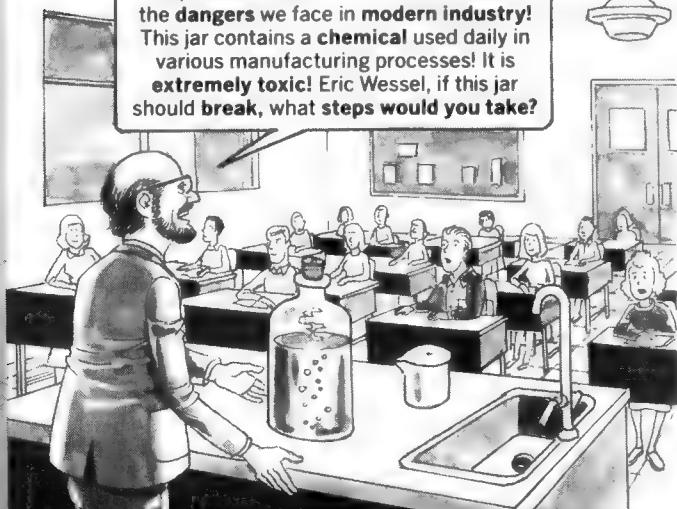
I thought it was stupid when I saw guys wearing one ear ring! There's supposed to be some kind of significance to that, so I'm told! Now I see you wearing only one! Is there a special meaning to that?

Yes! It means I lost the other one!



# CAUTION

Class, What we have here is a microcosm of the dangers we face in modern industry! This jar contains a chemical used daily in various manufacturing processes! It is extremely toxic! Eric Wessel, if this jar should break, what steps would you take?



## HOT WEATHER

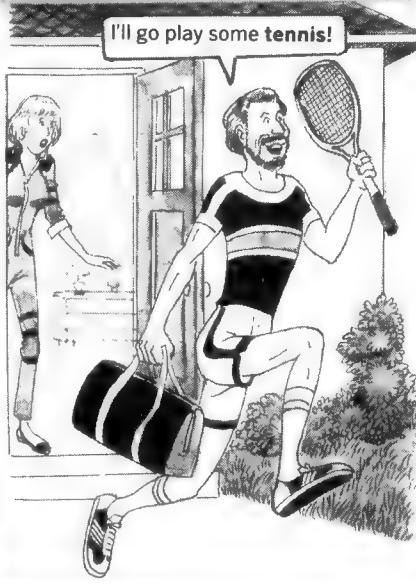
Nick, didn't you say you were going to mow the lawn today?

Are you kidding? Gimme a break, Meg, it's 90 degrees out there!

You feel it more when you just sit around and complain about it!

You're right! I'll concentrate on something else and forget about the heat!

I'll go play some tennis!



## KNOWLEDGE

I've been looking through this book about how things work and how things grow and so many other things I don't know **anything** about!

Just be patient, son! In just a few more years you'll be a teenager like your brother Bernie...

Then you'll think you know **everything**!



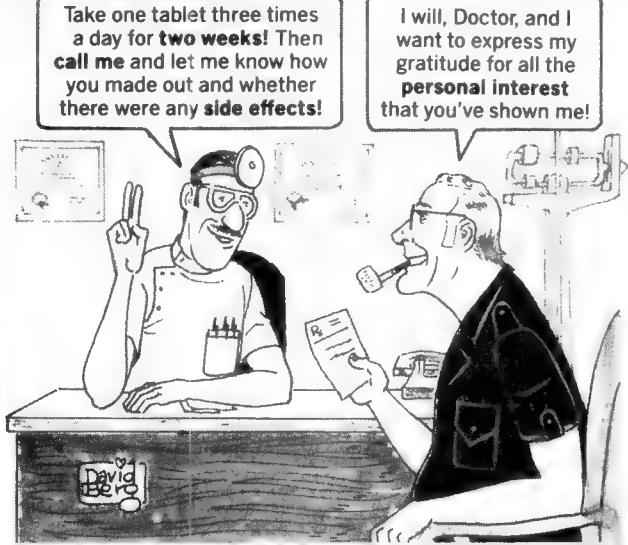
## DOCTORS

This is a prescription for a new formula on the market that supposed to be very effective in the treatment for your condition!

Take one tablet three times a day for **two weeks**! Then call me and let me know how you made out and whether there were any **side effects**!

I will, Doctor, and I want to express my gratitude for all the **personal interest** that you've shown me!

My **best friend** has the same condition and I'd like to know how this stuff works before I prescribe it to him!



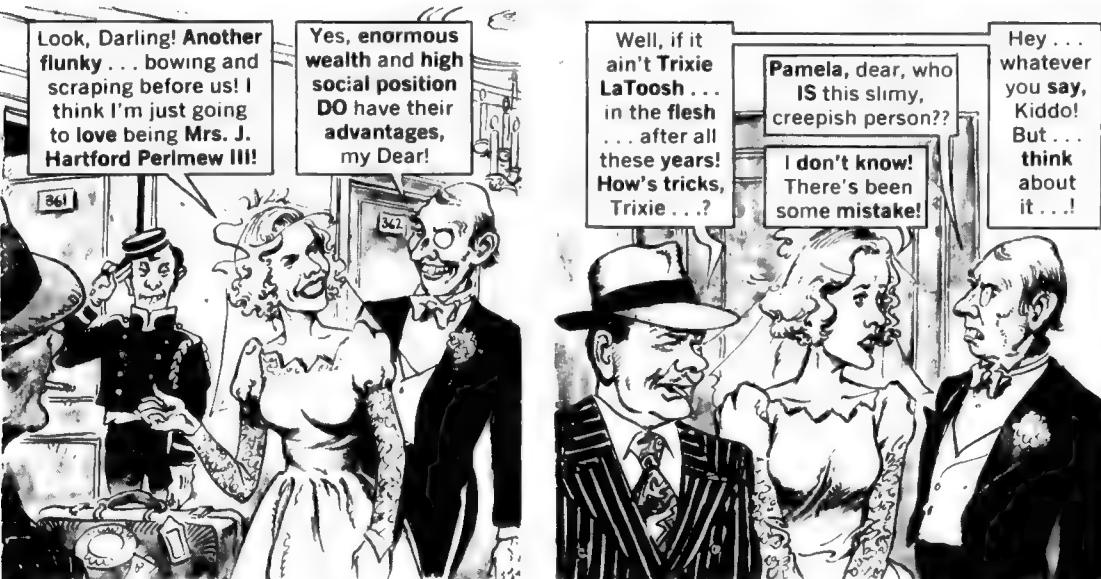
## IT'S PLOTS UP FRONT...DEPT.

The average American spends more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of his waking hours in front of a TV set watching silly "entertainment"—a category that may not even include "Sixty Minutes" or "Wall Street Week." The worst thing about this waste of time is that it really isn't necessary. MAD has found that a mere handful of basic plots exist in all of television. Thus, with a little practice, anyone can guess how an hour-long story is bound to unfold after watching only the first two or three minutes of it. Obviously, plot-spotting is a desirable skill to master because it allows you to monitor your favorite shows while freeing you to do other things for 58 minutes out of every hour. So stick with us, and we'll demonstrate how to analyze the opening scenes of typical programs and turn them into

# TV SHOWS YOU DON'T NEED TO FINISH WATCHING

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

WRITER: TOM KOCH



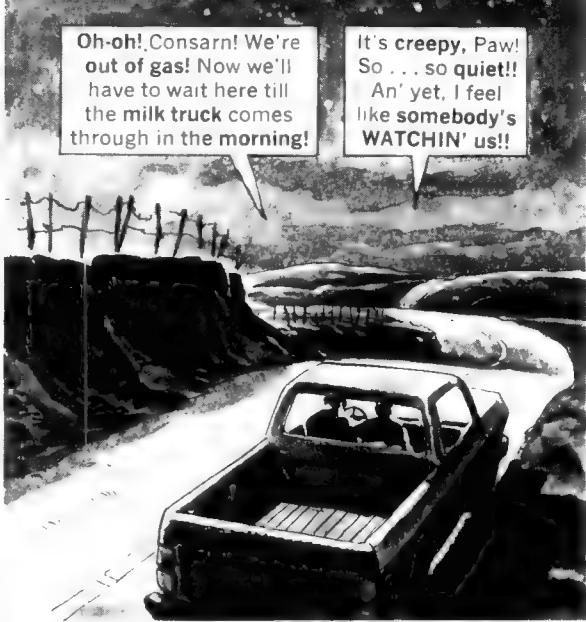
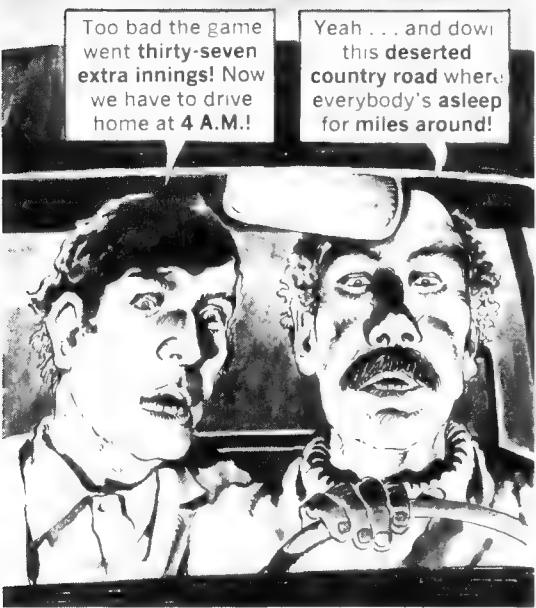
### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Already, you can be sure that the bride, unbeknownst to her rich new husband, has a dark, hidden past in which she was either (a) a dance hall floozy, (b) an underworld gun moll or (c) a notorious unwed mother. Having been spotted by a slimy creep who knew her in her former questionable life, she will immediately become a target for blackmail. This naturally will force her to hire an expensive private eye for engaging in car chases, shooting most of the other guests in the hotel and winning the eventual forgiveness of her twerpish husband.



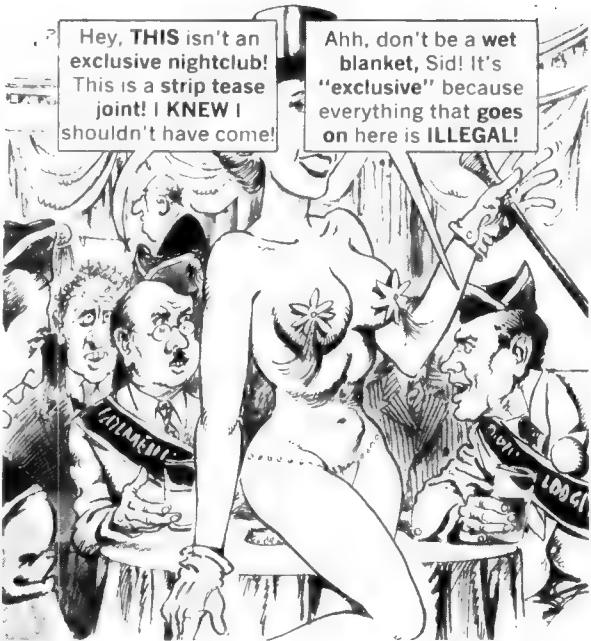
### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Even an idiot should guess this one, unless you're an idiot who wasn't paying attention when it was established that the neighborhood kids have a jazz combo. Now it's a sure thing that they will all be miraculously rushed to the country club on short notice. And even more miraculously, they'll all be wearing identical tuxedos. But most miraculous of all, the kids will play better than Benny Goodman in his prime. And this, of course, will set up the final happy scene where Dad receives the club's Golden Golf Shoe Award for his brilliant work as Entertainment Chairman.



### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Obviously, a **UFO** is about to appear, because space creatures on TV always appear whenever they spot a stalled car on a deserted road at 4 A.M. That's so their victims will be laughing stocks when they report a flying saucer, but can't produce any witnesses. In fact, you can bet that nobody will believe the story except an eccentric college professor. In Act III, the professor will find a strange message engraved on a metal disc at the landing site. But the stupid cops will claim it's just a large "yo-yo" with Chinese printing on it, leaving the **UFO** mystery still unsolved.



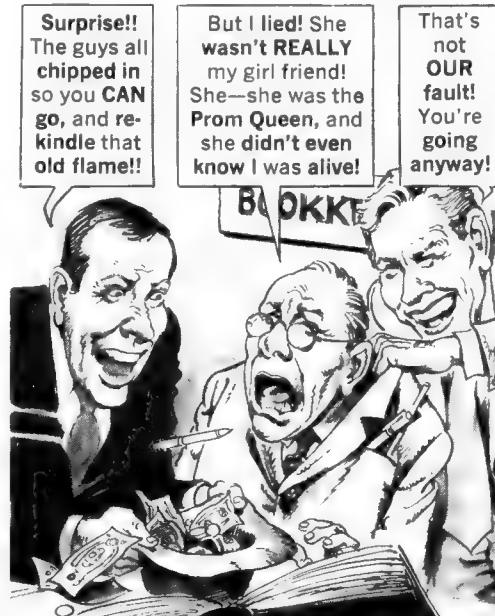
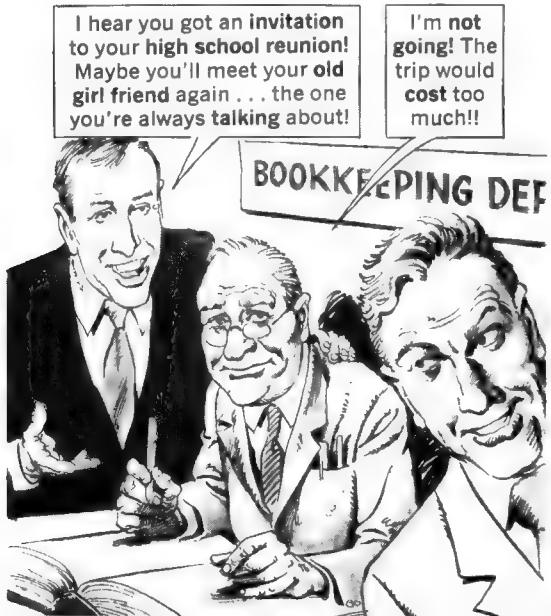
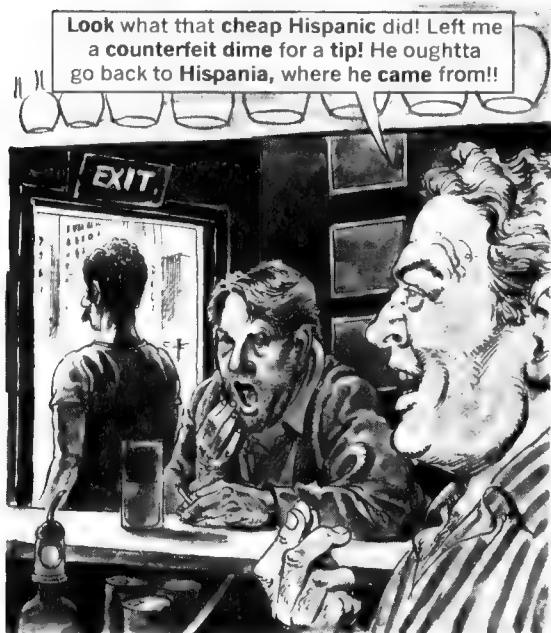
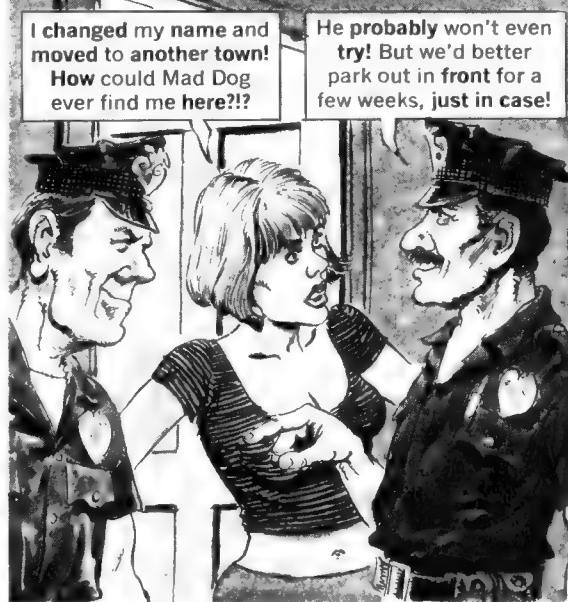
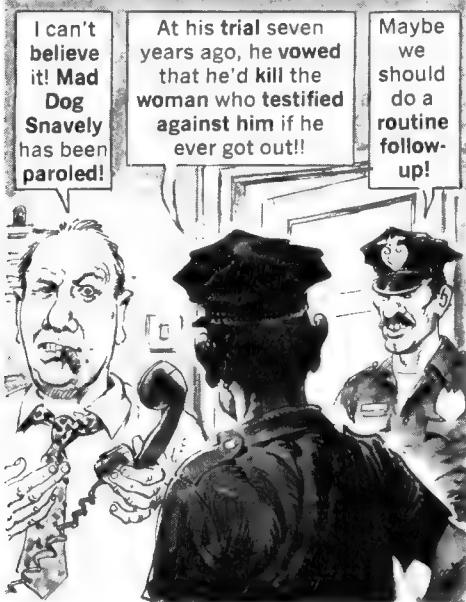
### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This dull story has many variations, all of which seem alike. In the next scene, the "star" will be further embarrassed when a chorus girl either (a) falls in his lap, (b) coyly musses his hair or (c) throws him her garter. At that very moment, he will realize he's been spotted by (a) his wife's uncle, (b) his wife's minister or (c) his wife's minister's uncle. In the final hilarious scene, the star will either (a) beg his friends to vouch for him, (b) beg his wife to believe him or (c) beg his pet dog to share the mutt's sleeping place under the porch.



### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This tired idea invariably becomes a 3-act, one-hour story that no trained plot-guesser need waste time watching. In Act I, the cops will discover that a stockroom employee has a criminal record. In Act II, the clean-cut young parolee will be tossed in the slammer despite his plea of innocence. In Act III, his accuser will sheepishly admit she found her purse in her desk drawer where she left it. In the closing tag, the fine young lad is welcomed back to the store and appointed Manager of the Men's Belt and Suspender Department.



#### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Naturally, Mad Dog won't even stop to change socks before he buys a gun and steals a car (or in a slight variation, steals a gun and buys a car) and arrives, seeking revenge. Also, naturally, the cops on stakeout will go to lunch ten seconds before he gets there. This will enable him to get inside the house and hold the woman hostage for half the show while the police, his Mother and an Irish priest try to reason with him by bullhorn. In the final scene, the co-stars — who defy a superior officer's orders — will capture him by coming up through the plumbing.

#### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Since every comedy show in TV has had an episode in which the Leading Nerd finds a rare coin, you know that he always loses it by dumbly dropping it into a pay phone. Since this specific Nerd is also a funny bigot, you should also know that the phone repairman sent out to retrieve the coin is either (a) Black, (b) Puerto Rican or (c) most humorous of all, a Black Puerto Rican. This provides for some ethnic jokes before the Nerd loses his treasure again in the last act so the writers won't have to explain why he's still poor on the next week's show.

#### INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Most assuredly, the former Prom Queen will display her shallowness of character at the reunion by coming on strong for the married former captain of the football team. Meanwhile, our hero will hide in a corner where he will meet a shy female classmate hiding in the same corner. They will discover that they are both single. In addition, they share an interest in ecology, recorder music and checkers. In the last scene, they will become engaged just as the Prom Queen catches her bus back to Toledo, alone . . . where she is still a waitress and a divorced mother of eight.

## A TRIVIAL PURSUIT DEPT.

Space...the exploitable frontier! These are the continuing efforts of the "Star Trek" movie Producers! Their mission: to seek out new Box Office smash hits; to explore new special effects and new gimmicks for merchandising revenue; to boldly go back to the well where they have already gone twice before...only this time, to come up with a movie sadly lacking in one vital element! Mainly,

# STAR B THE SEA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Friends, in "Star Blech II," Mr. Spock gave his life so that we all might live! Now, we have repaid him in the only honorable way possible, by shooting his body into space! Yes, we've sent him "Vulcan Express" ...because we absolutely had to get him to the planet Genisick overnight! Spock was our friend...our companion... and our running gag! We shall miss him!!

I heard that Spock wanted to leave his body to Science!

Yeah, but Science wanted to give back the ears!!

Wow! His coffin hurled into space!! What a rough way to GO!!

If you think that's rough on Spock... what about his PALL-BEARERS?!? They're still clinging to the coffin!

Spock was a good man! He hated inter-galactic evil and corruption of any kind!!

What makes you say that?

In his last will, he requested that his body be cremated... and his ashes thrown into Darth Vader's face!!



# LECCHECH III RCH FOR PLOT

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Good to see you working again, Hoohah!

You, too, Spotty!

Do you realize that these "Star Blechchi" films are the ONLY time we're employed as actors...?

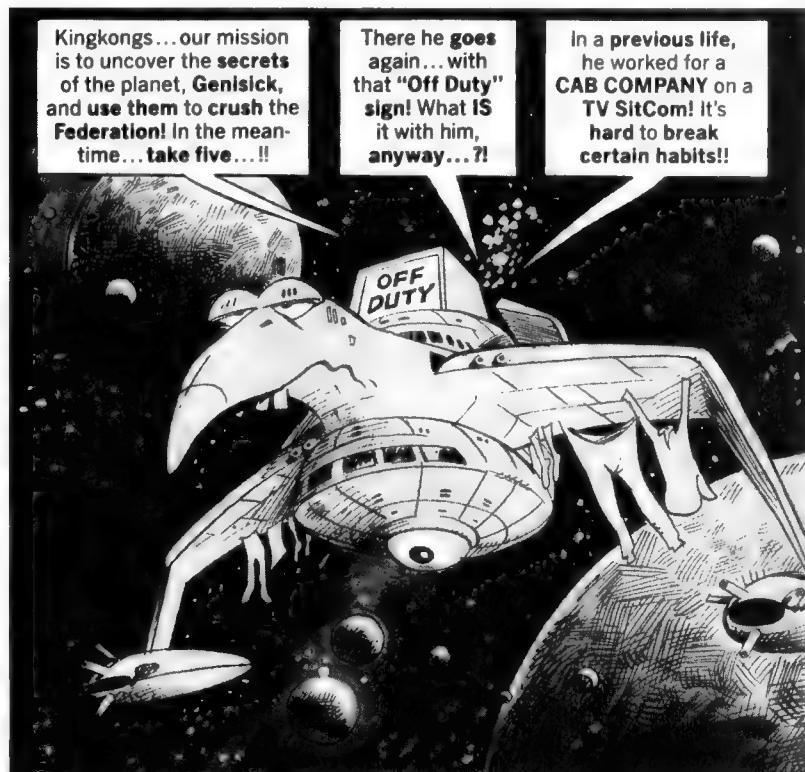
Yeah, but not Adm. Quirk! He has that popular "T.J. Hooker" series!!

POPULAR?!?  
The world is full of "Trekkies"! How many "HOOKIES" do you see these days?!

Excellent, Kingkongs! We have destroyed the Federation Scout Ship! Now, let's burn the Galaxy, melt the Milky Way, bend the rings of Saturn and punch the man in the moon in the face!

Commander Crude seems to be in an especially ghastly mood today!

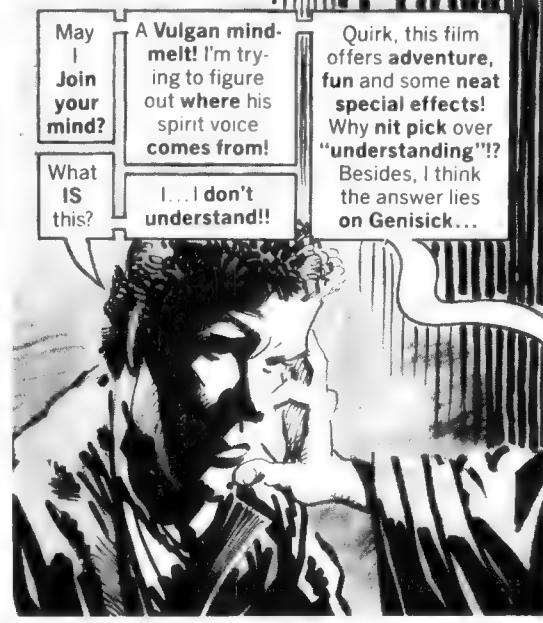
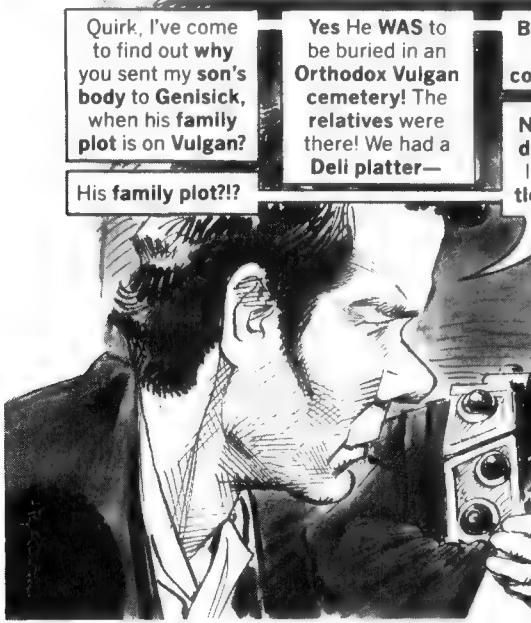
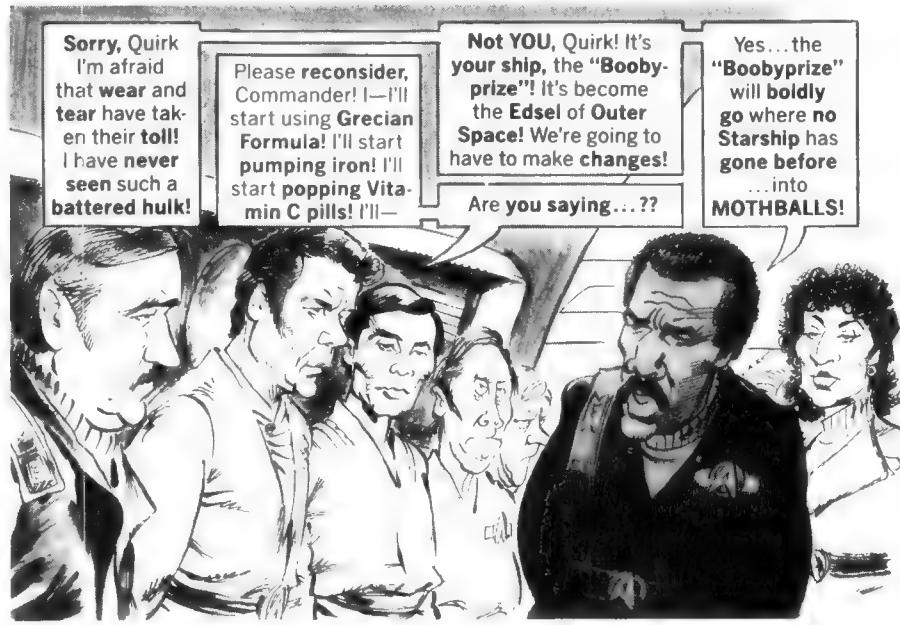
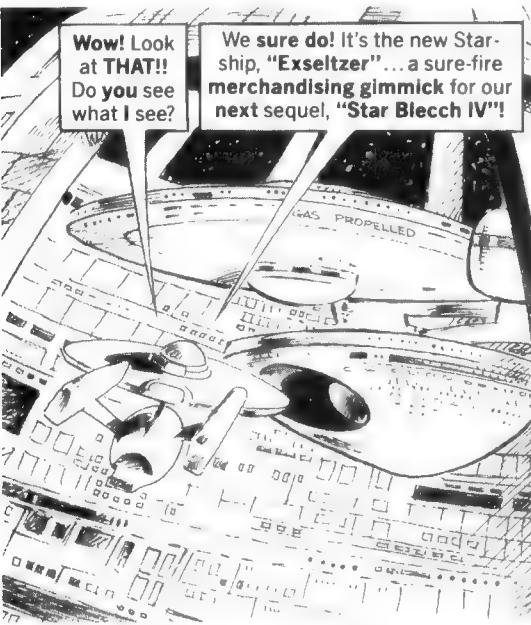
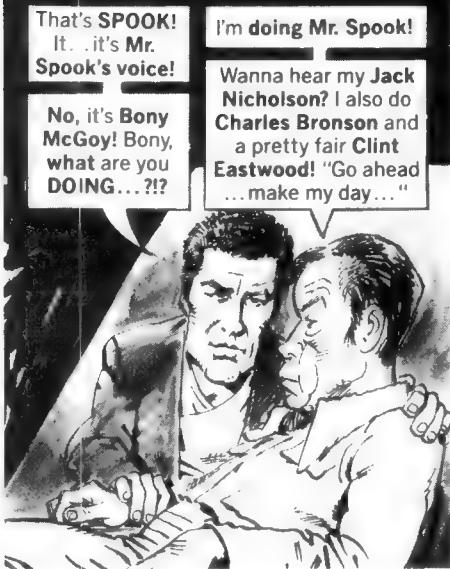
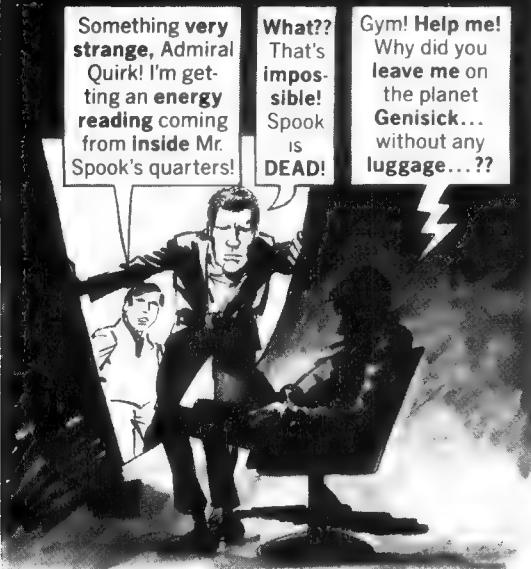
Ghastly?? For a Kingkong leader, that's laid back!!

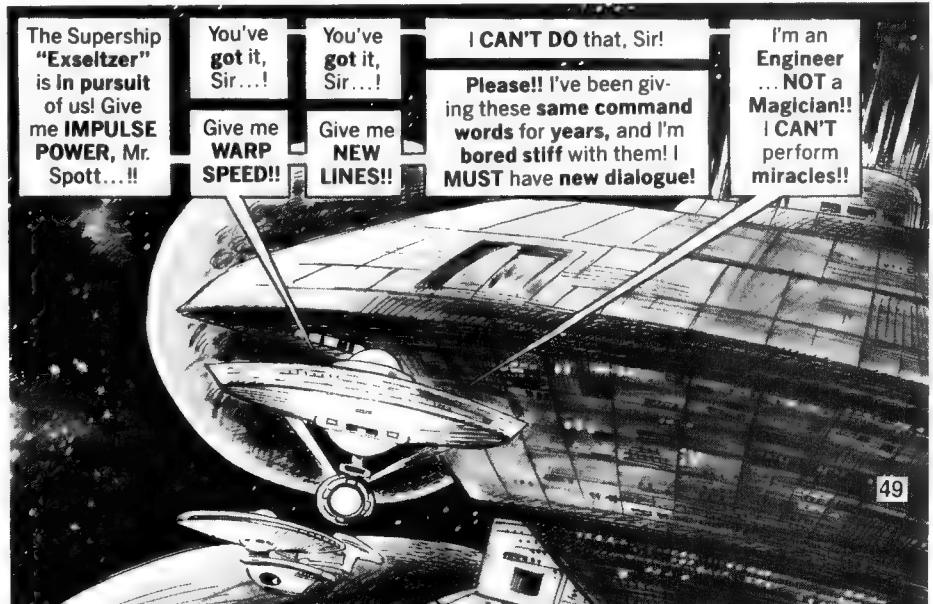
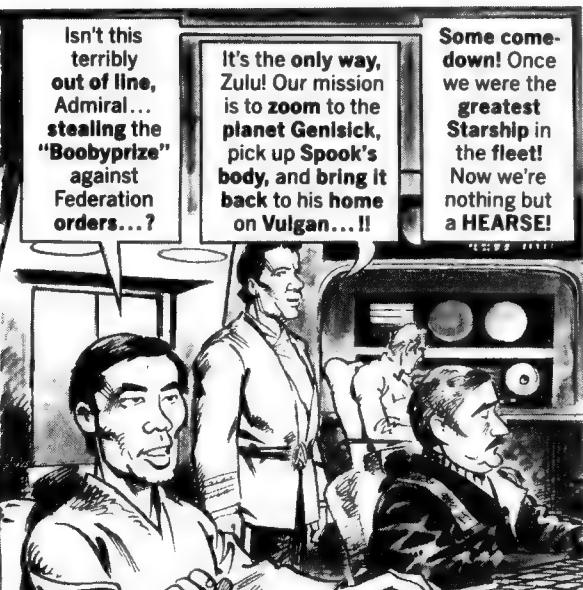
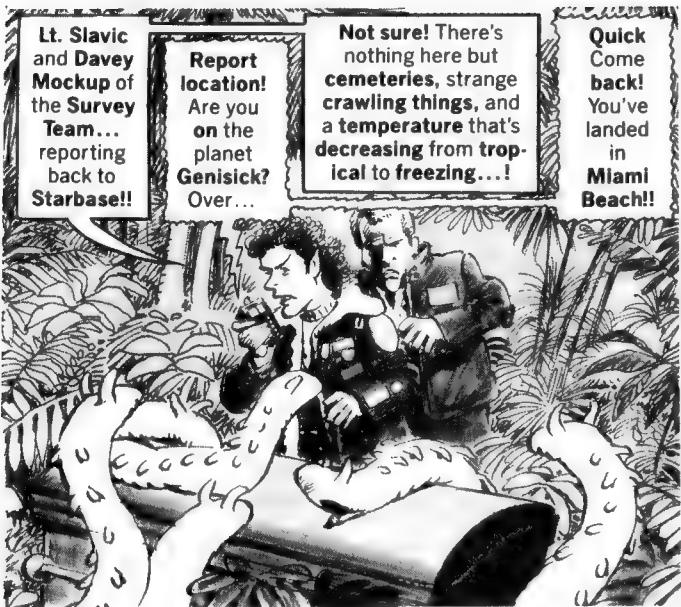


Kingkongs...our mission is to uncover the secrets of the planet, Genisick, and use them to crush the Federation! In the meantime...take five...!!

There he goes again...with that "Off Duty" sign! What IS it with him, anyway...?!!

In a previous life, he worked for a CAB COMPANY on a TV SitCom! It's hard to break certain habits!!





Admiral Quirk...  
this is **Commander**  
Crude of the King-  
kongs! I command  
you to surrender!

I'll never do that!

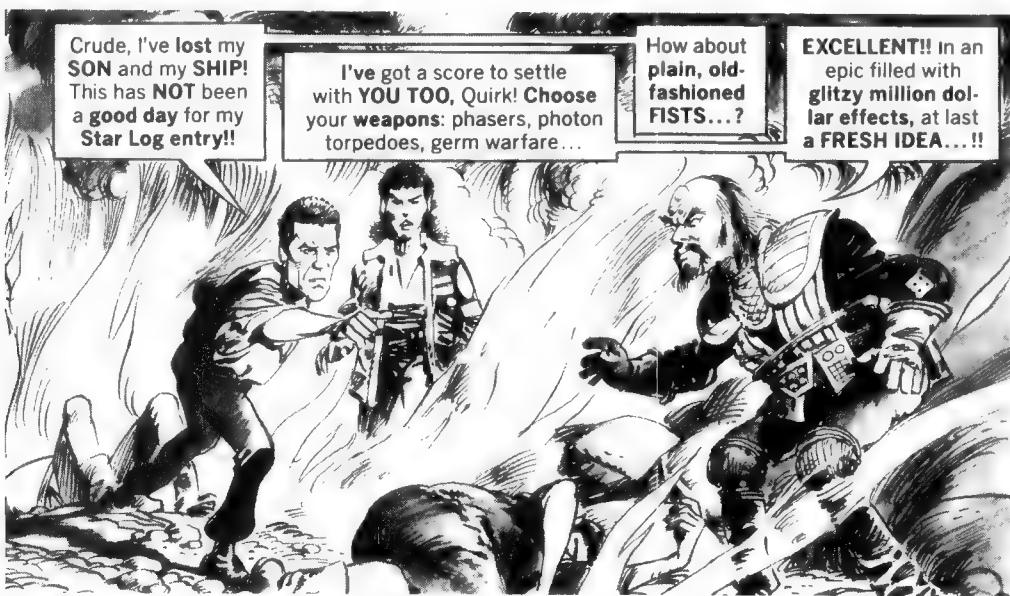
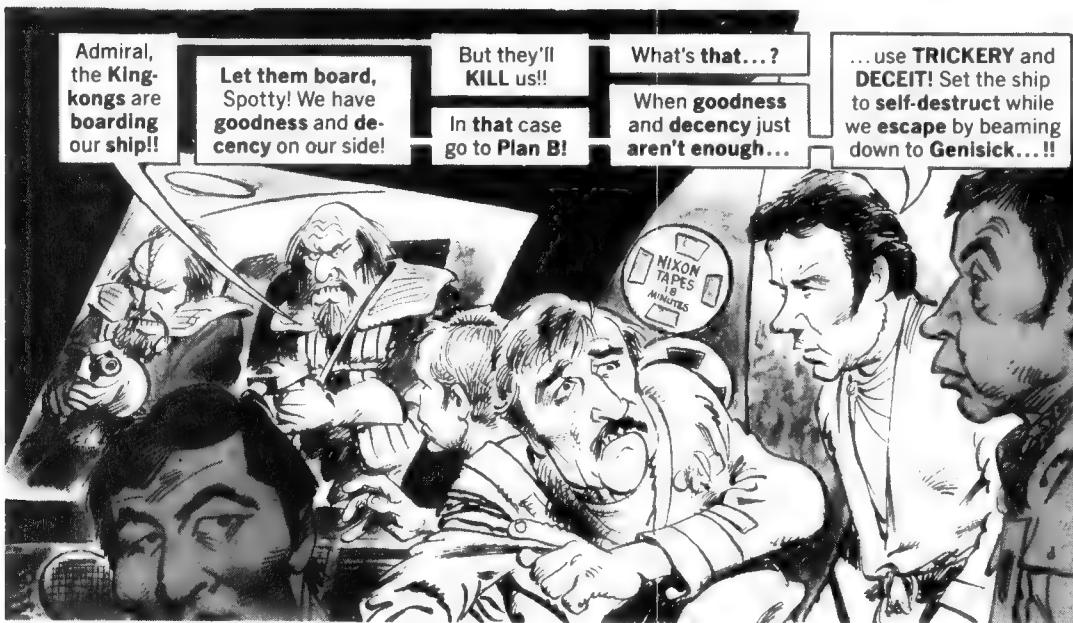
Then you will **PERISH**!

You Kingkongs cannot  
win against the Fed-  
eration! It's like  
banging your head  
against a brick wall!

You fools!  
Banging  
our heads  
against  
brick walls  
is our  
specialty!!

Quirk, unless we get the secret  
of Genisick, I am going to kill  
one of these **hostages**! Which one  
will it be? The girl...? Your  
son...? Or the Vulcan male...?

Is there no limit to your  
evil, Commander Crude...?  
First you are a **treacherous**  
villain... and now, you're  
a sleazy Game Show Host!!



Mr. Spook is barely alive!

Our only hope is to zoom him to the planet where he rightfully belongs!

Where ARE we...?

Where you rightfully belong! This is "The Planet Of The Sequels"!!

Not THIS!! Not yet! Set a course for Vulcan...!!



Well, we finally made it to Vulcan!

Yeah, but what's going on??

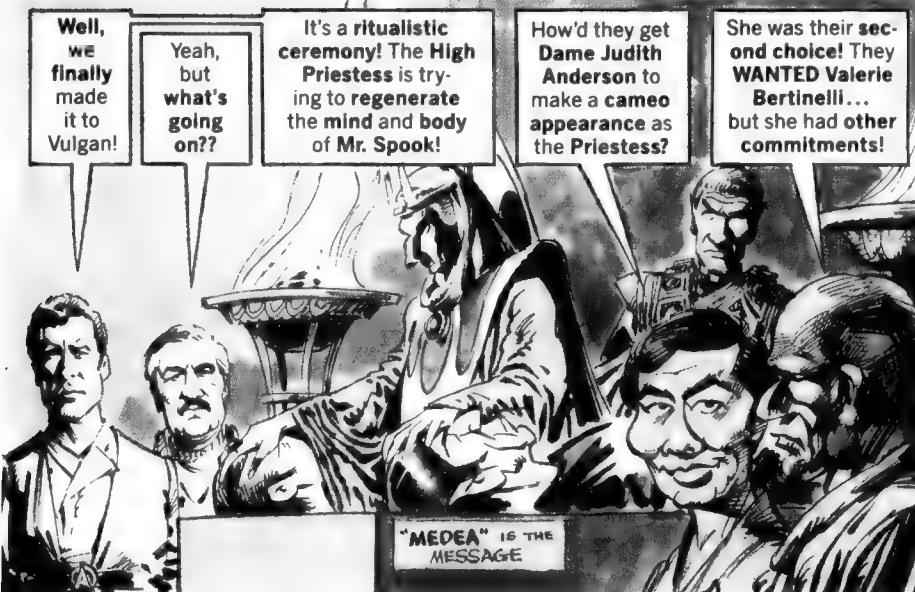
It's a ritualistic ceremony! The High Priestess is trying to regenerate the mind and body of Mr. Spook!

How'd they get Dame Judith Anderson to make a cameo appearance as the Priestess?

She was their second choice! They WANTED Valerie Bertinelli... but she had other commitments!

We're his friends! Level with us! How is he...?

Remember back in 1970... "Old Blue Eyes" came back?!? And then in 1975... "Sedaka is back"?!? Well, it's 2297... and now SPOOK IS BACK!!



Yes, it LOOKS like Spook!!

But is he the SAME??

THAT is the question!! Is it the same Spook we knew—the logical, clear-thinking comrade and friend...?

...or has he changed radically?

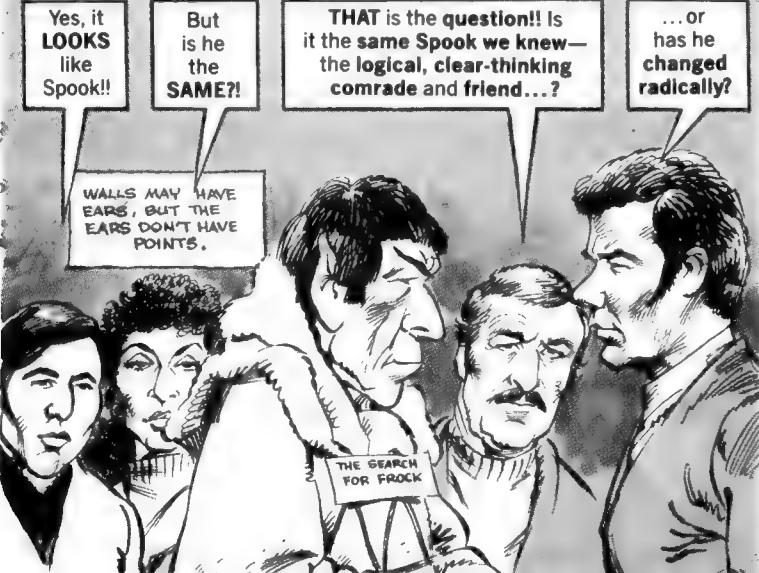
WALLS MAY HAVE EARS, BUT THE EARS DON'T HAVE POINTS.

THE SEARCH FOR FROCK

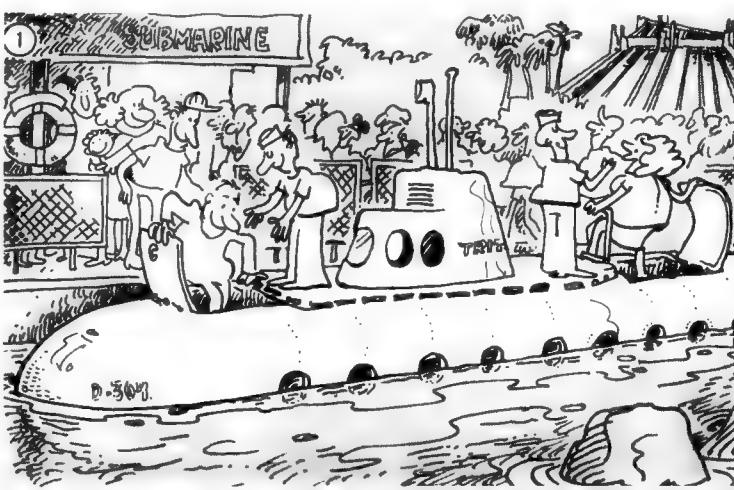
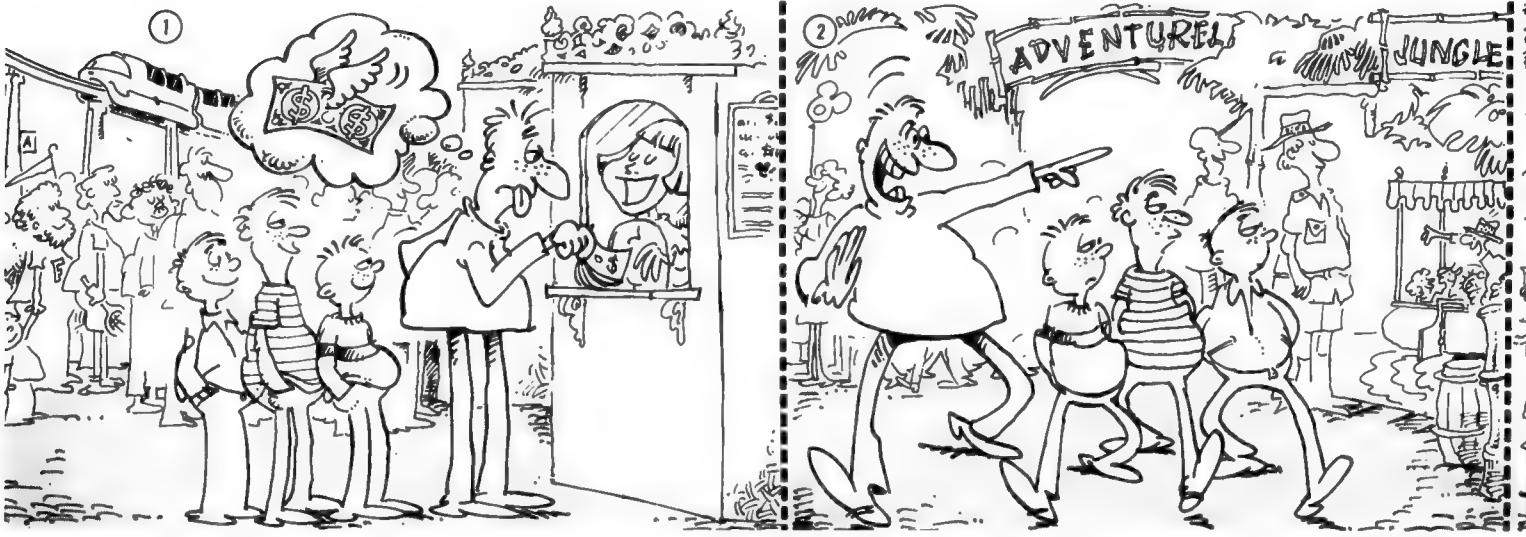
No, I haven't changed, Gym! I'm back as the same old Spook!!

Remember! The needs of the MANY outweigh the needs of the ONE!!

Mainly...without this ONE character... ME...there wouldn't be MANY more sequels...!!

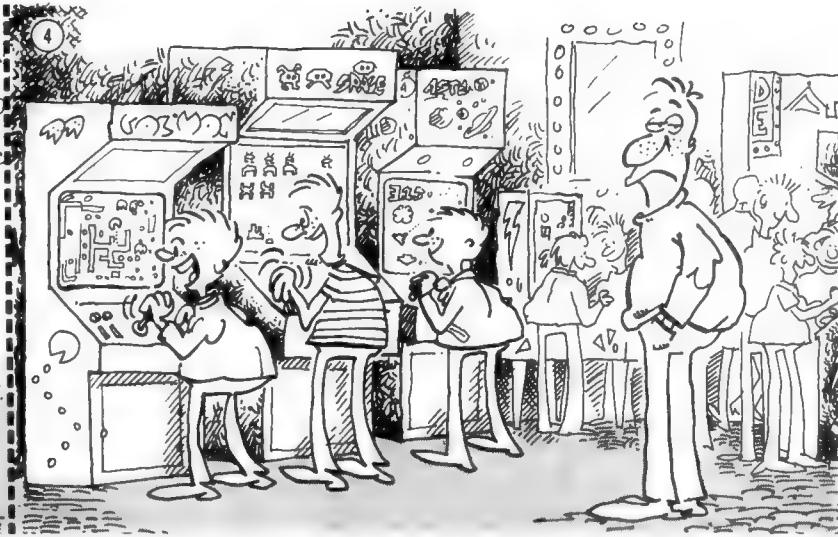


# A MAD LOOK AT THE..DISNEY

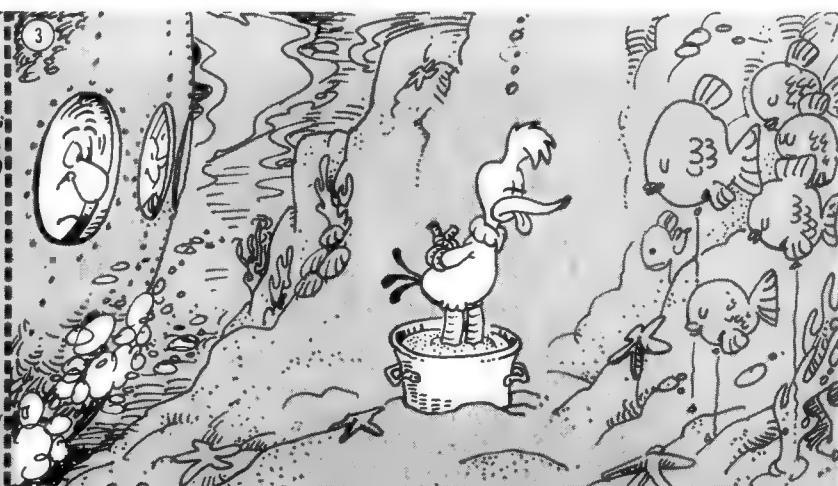
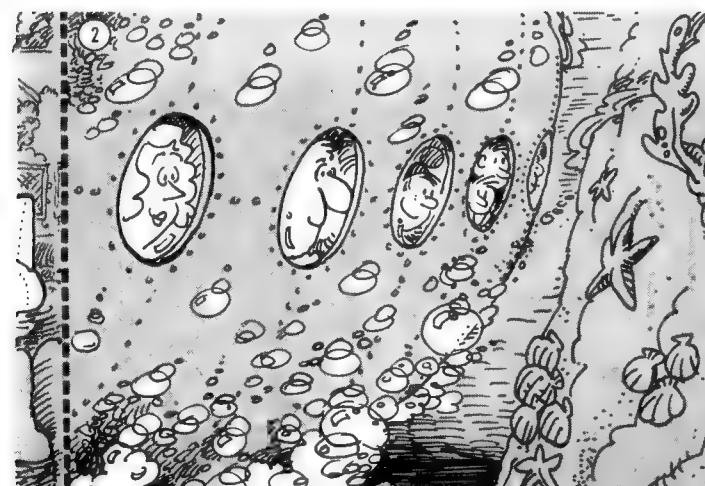


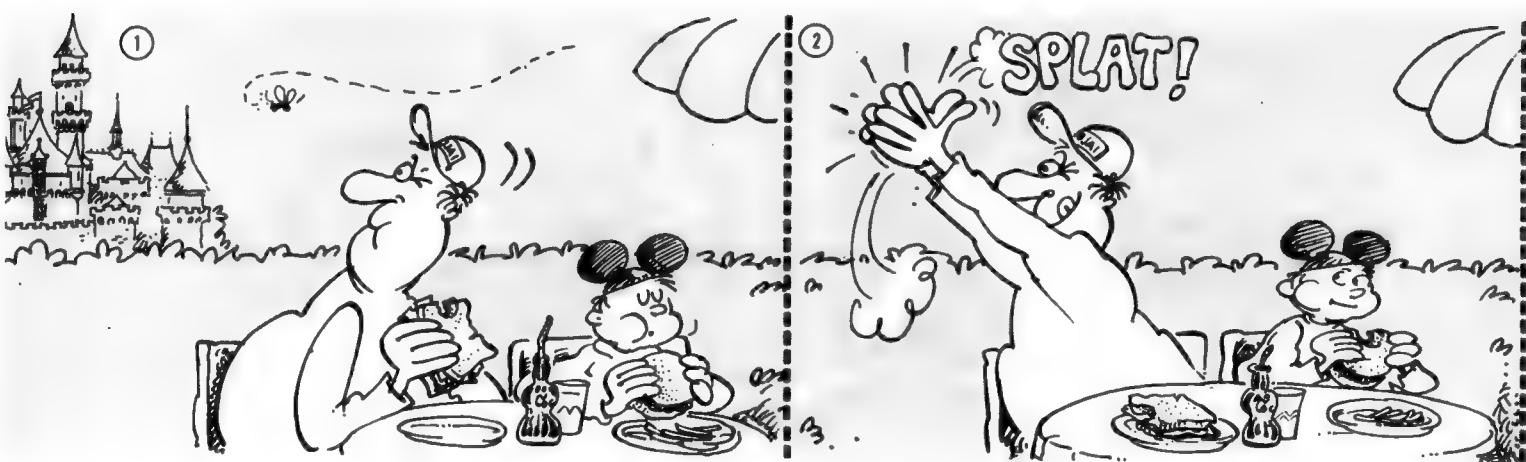
ARTIST AND WRITE

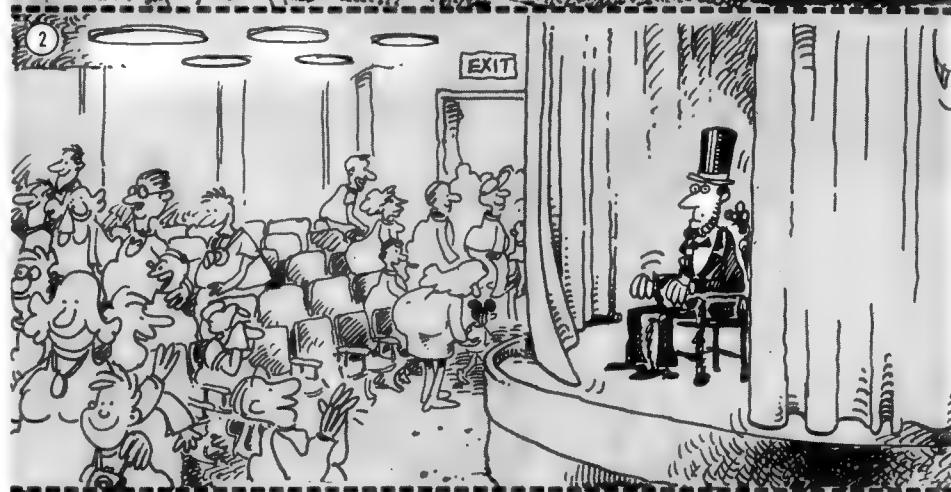
# WORLDS



SERGIO ARAGONES







**Admiral's Log—Stardate: 8756½. We have been in space since Earth-year 1966—on prime-time TV, in syndication and in three motion pictures, not to mention merchandising, cartoons, and arcade games. We have endured adoration, exploitation and a horrible first film. Yet we go on, resisting age, wrinkles and flab. But now, the end may be in sight as we return home in ...**

We have a choice! We can return to Earth and be court-martialed and executed for mutiny, treason and wanton destruction of a sequel or we can remain here, marooned on Vulcan!

What happens if we choose to stay?

We'll spend the rest of our days living the life of a free-wheeling Vulcan—like Schlock, here.

Some choice! Either way we lose! I choose Earth! At least death is more interesting than terminal boredom!

Spotty, have you seen any Vulcan TV? Their top-rated show is "Life-Styles of the Dull and Inert!"

Earth once had TV like that! It was called PBS!

Centuries ago, Vulcan was called "The Dead Planet"!

You can't beat ancient wisdom!

Hello, Admiral!

Schlock, I'm your old comrade! Call me Jim!

And I'm director and co-writer of this film! Call me SIR!

HU-PERSON BEING.

Eiphvin

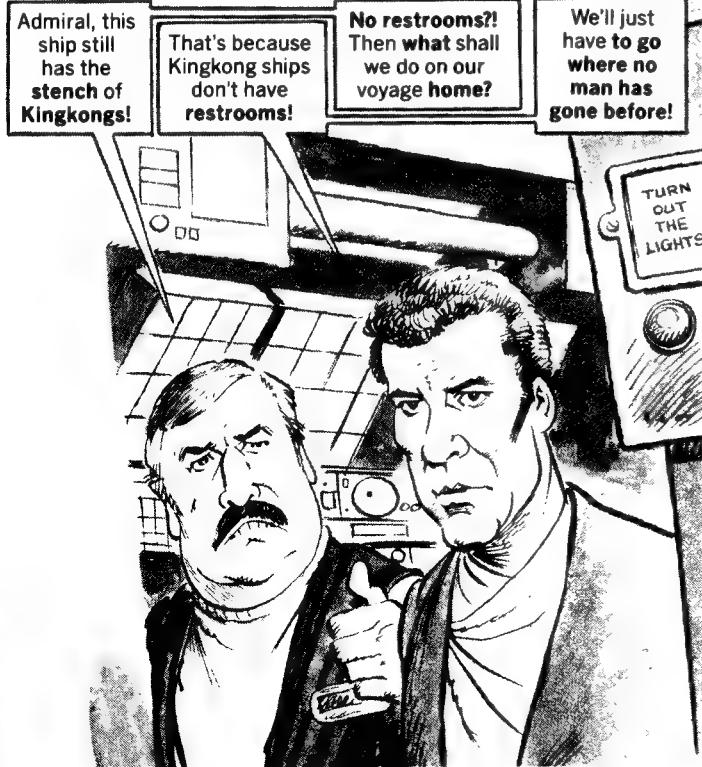
WUGT  
DRUCKER

# STARBLECCHTM

## THE VOYAGE BOMBS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



The probe is emitting a terrifying groaning sound!

Can we identify it?

The computer gives us two choices! It's either whale talk or a recording of a rock star from the 1980's named David Lee Roth!

Tough choice! Let's see pictures of extinct whales!

You mule-eared ninny! That's the Prince and Princess of Wales! I thought you Vulcans were intellectual giants!

Yes, but we're lousy spellers!



We could time-warp back to 1987, pick up two whales and transport them back to the 23rd century!

Nah, even if we succeeded it would only mean another sequel!

That's easy for **you** to say, sir! You can always grab another series, like "T.J. Hooker!" But for Dr. McGoy and me, no more sequels means the **end of our careers!**

Very well! Using the "slingshot effect," we'll shoot around the sun and zoom backwards in time! If nothing else, we'll get a **gorgeous tan!**



We've landed among a bunch of wild, lawless Kingkongs!

No, Mr. Spott! These are typical citizens of San Francisco in 1987!

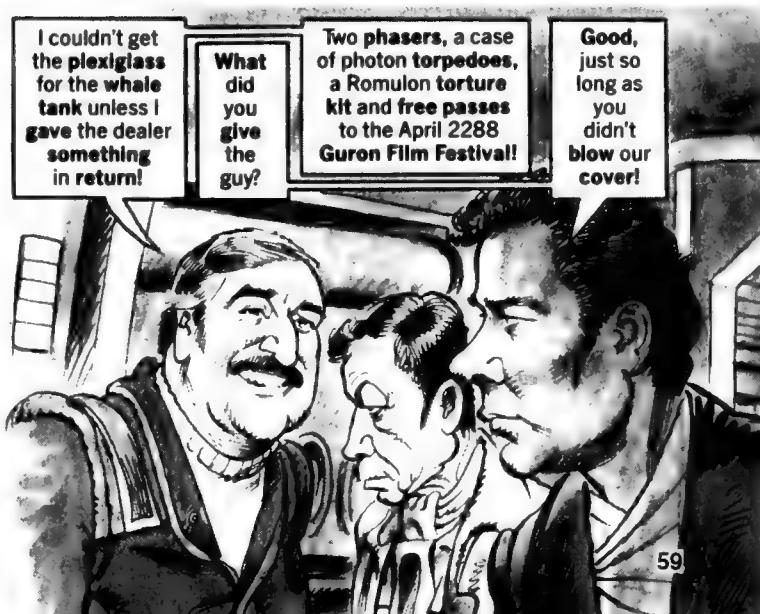
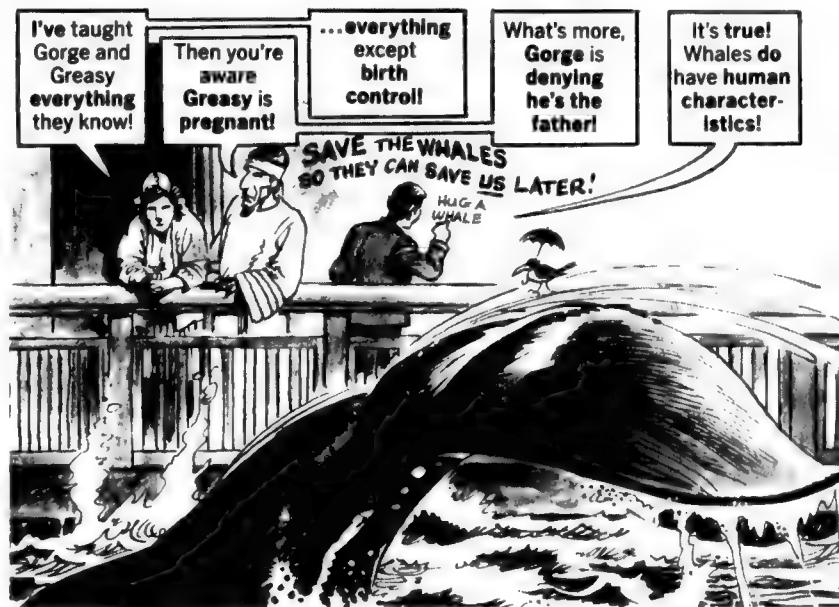
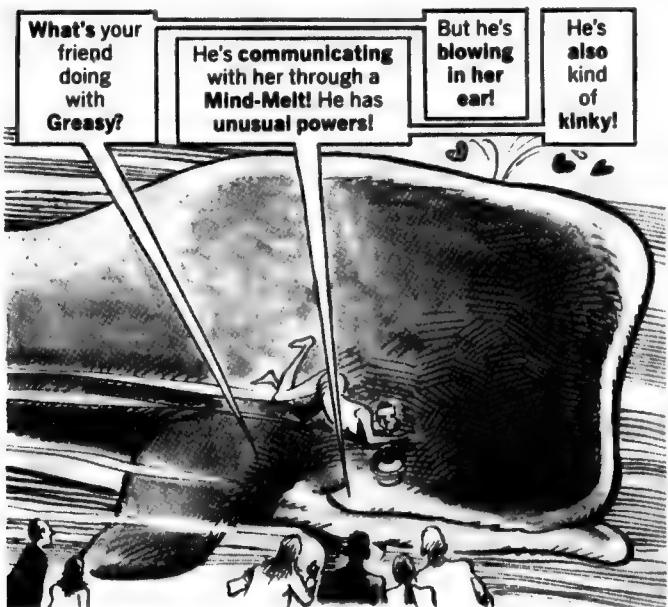
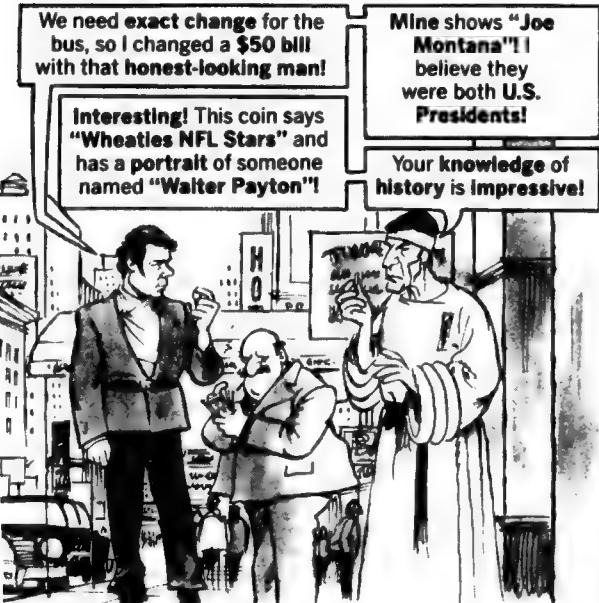
I'd feel safer with Kingkongs!

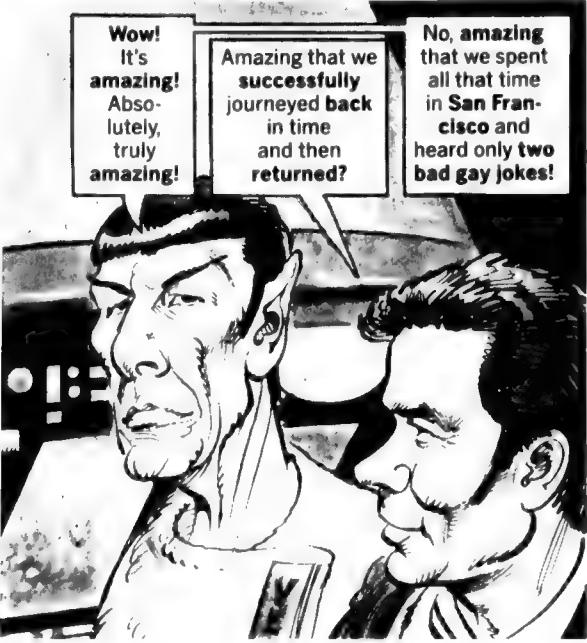
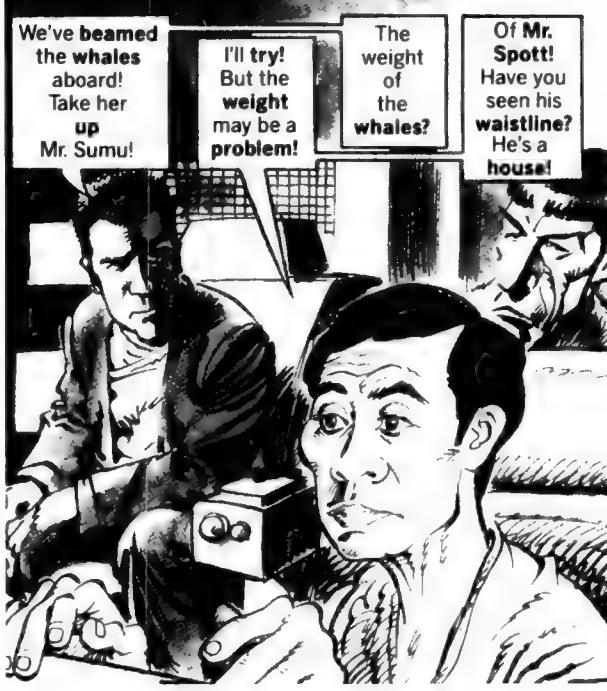
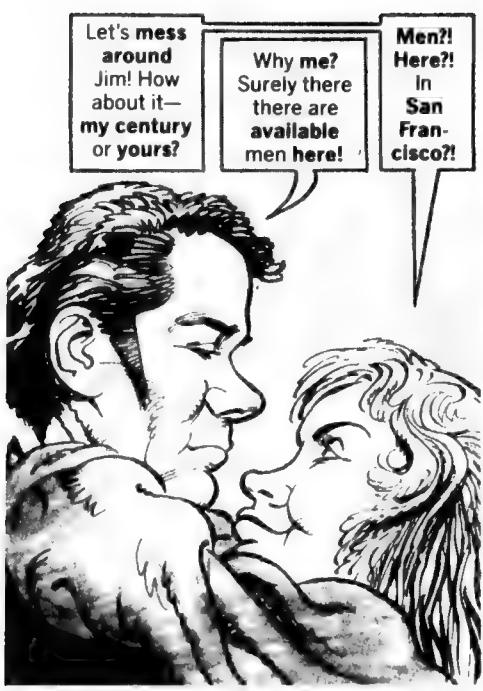
We'll need some 20th-Century American money! Yuhuhu, as an attractive woman, it's your job to go hustle those sailors!

Admiral, may I remind you, we're in San Francisco!

You're right! Sumu, Checkout, YOU go hustle those sailors!







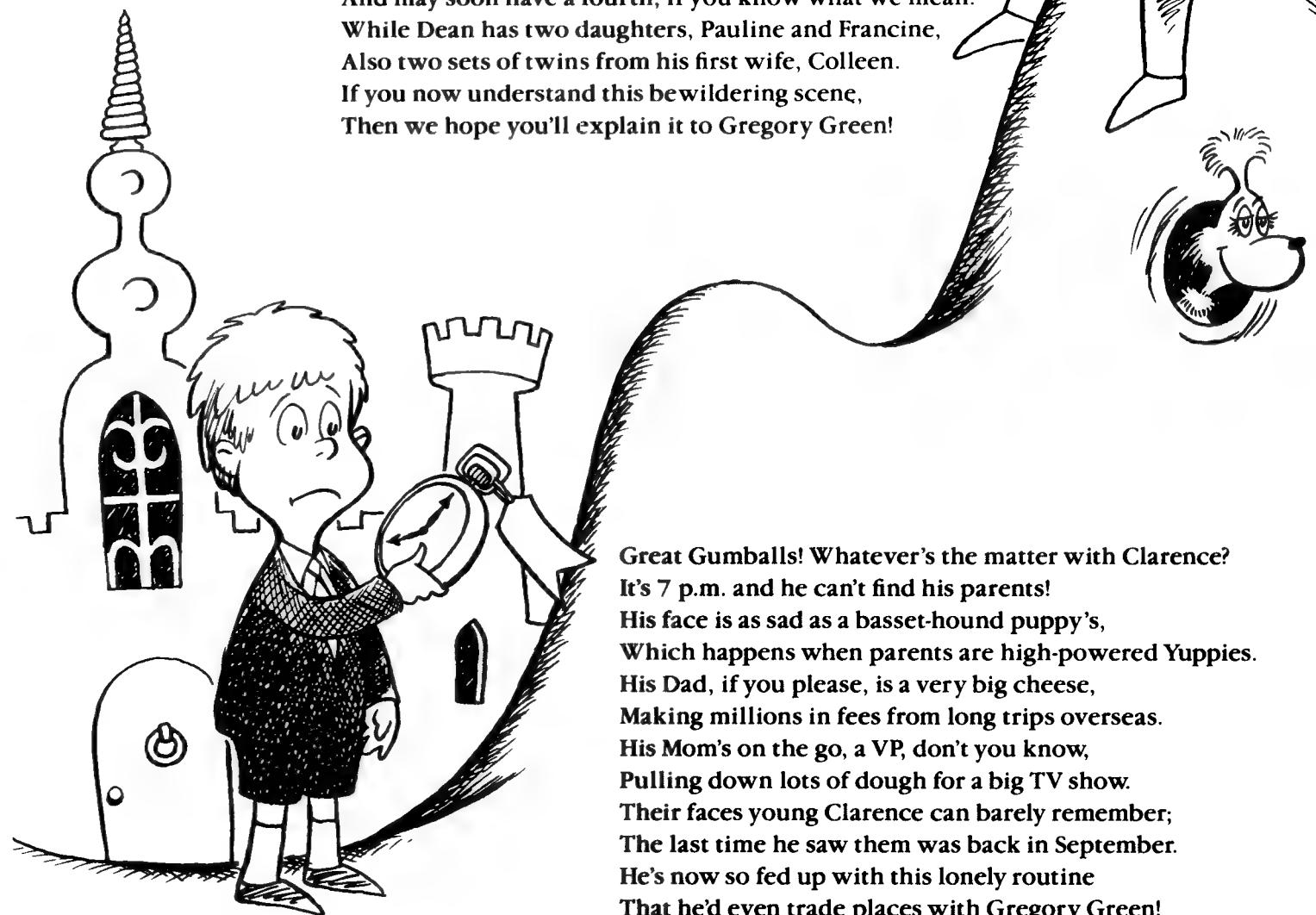
# The Real-Life TELL-IT- LIKE-IT-IS Dr. Seuss

The story's for kids who once dug Dr. Seuss,  
But now feel that his tales have no practical use;  
So let's hope that these pages are more on the mark,  
With rhymes by FRANK JACOBS and pics by BOB CLARKE!





This mixed-up young fellow is Gregory Green,  
Whose folks were divorced when he'd just turned 13.  
His Dad's very keen on a Waitress, Doreen,  
Once the wife of Eugene, who's now wed to Maxine.  
His Mom lives with Dean, on the outs with Eileen,  
Who brought home a Marine whom she met in Racine.  
Doreen has three kids, Elmer, Gus and Irene,  
And may soon have a fourth, if you know what we mean.  
While Dean has two daughters, Pauline and Francine,  
Also two sets of twins from his first wife, Colleen.  
If you now understand this bewildering scene,  
Then we hope you'll explain it to Gregory Green!



Great Gumballs! Whatever's the matter with Clarence?  
It's 7 p.m. and he can't find his parents!  
His face is as sad as a basset-hound puppy's,  
Which happens when parents are high-powered Yuppies.  
His Dad, if you please, is a very big cheese,  
Making millions in fees from long trips overseas.  
His Mom's on the go, a VP, don't you know,  
Pulling down lots of dough for a big TV show.  
Their faces young Clarence can barely remember;  
The last time he saw them was back in September.  
He's now so fed up with this lonely routine  
That he'd even trade places with Gregory Green!



Have you heard of young Benjamin Brilligan Beales  
Who wanted to purchase his first set of wheels?  
He eyed a used '68 Chevy Deluxe,  
But the bank wouldn't loan him the 600 bucks.  
Well, Ben really wanted that snaffulous car,  
So he sold his Atari and old VCR,  
His 53 tapes of The Boss and Madonna,  
His album of stamps from Zimbabwe and Ghana,  
His autographed pic of Sylvester Stallone,  
His seven-speed bike and his Mickey Mouse phone.  
When he counted the proceeds, he felt very grand,  
Holding 600 bucks in his hot little hand.  
Let's hope that young Ben isn't lacking endurance;  
He'll need twice as much for the cost of insurance!



At the age of 15, Steven Sedgwick St. Surls,  
Loves to spend his free time with available girls.  
His buddies agree he's a stud who can make out  
With any young lady he's chosen to take out.  
Now Steven's an expert on sex and seduction.  
He's read tons of books and he's taken instruction.  
He's learned what to say when he's turning on chicks.  
He's mastered the moves and he knows all the tricks.  
He's learned how to fondle and how to caress—  
Now all that he needs is a girl who'll say "Yes."

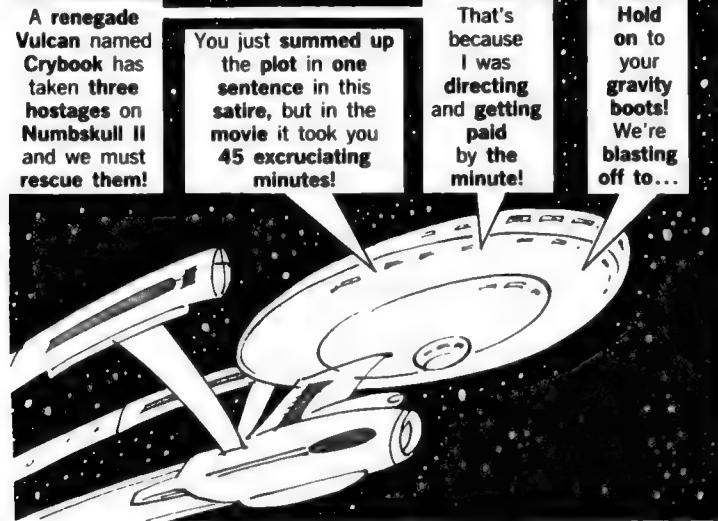


When Myron McGee was a small boy of 3,  
A contented, well-nourished young toddler was he.  
But when he turned 7, he learned folks had died  
From cholesterol, starches and foods that are fried.  
At 10, he was told that caffeine is a killer,  
That salt makes you ill and that fats make you iller.  
At 12, he heard peas cause a dreadful disease  
Like the one people get from raw oysters and cheese,  
Not to mention sclerosis from pork, beef, and lamb,  
And the threat to your kidneys from green eggs and ham!  
Today it's no wonder that Myron looks thinner.  
With worries like these—wouldn't *you* skip your dinner?



Zum-Ziggy-Zokkity-Zillory-Zoun!  
The rock group, Dried Meatball, is coming to town!  
Run lickity-split, 'cause they'll play ev'ry bit  
Of their Top-Forty hit, "When The World Turns To Spit!"  
Samantha Sue Skooper and Robert Ray Ricketts  
Have waited all night for the 20 buck tickets.  
They shiver, they quiver, but never complain  
Though they're chilled to the bone from the cold and the rain.  
More than 17, boring, long hours have passed  
When Samantha Sue shouts, "Hey, they're open at last!"  
They take out their money, so thrilled they could burst—  
And learn that the scalpers have gotten there first!

*Stardate 8454: Actually it's Stardate 8763, but Schlock punched me in early so I could collect some overtime pay! I was on vacation, but I've been called back to the Boobyprize because there's an emergency—and I stupidly took the only set of ignition keys with me!*



*Stardate 8654, marked down from Stardate 3943: First Officer Schlock reporting for Captain Quirk. We've landed on NumbSkull II.*



*Stardate 8709: Damn! The years go by fast! I still keep writing Stardate 8708! We are on the planet of ShockTherapy! Crybook has this ridiculous notion that this is where God lives!*



Stardate: 8902.234, or thereabouts. Real date: December, 1991. The S.S. Boobyprize and the box office receipts both go into orbit again with...

# STARBLEECCH V

## THE UNINSPIRED CONTINUATION

I haven't been at the helm of the S.S. Boobyprize for many moons, but I can still handle her! Fortunately I had a rental craft just like the Boobyprize while on vacation!

The whole Starship crew is a little longer in the tooth these days, but our minds, they're sharp as a... as a... er, as sharp as an... apple?

This is one of our most important missions ever! We have to make the Kingkongs forget that we were once enemies, and the American public forget that we once made Star Bleech V! That was the most illogical movie I ever made!

Our instructions are to escort Kingkong Chancellor Gerkin to the International Conference on Universal Peace and The Intergalactic Bake-off. For safety, the exact location has not yet been disclosed. We just know it's a Motel 6 somewhere in the Universe! I just hope there's plenty of parking!

I'm glad we're all back together again. I was out in my own spaceship gathering gases. I got samples from Exxon, Texaco, Sunoco, Shell and Hess! Petty cash owes me a fortune!

The engines are ready, Captain! But please, not too much 'warp speed' this trip! I only have three men to shovel coal into the boilers! Not everything on this ship is as up to date as it could be!

I'm a new member of the crew. My name is Delirious. I not only graduated at the top of my class, I was also voted "Vulcan most likely to overhear important conversations"!

I never trusted Kingkongs and I never will! I can't forgive them for killing my son! Oh, Delirious! How long were you outside my room listening to me talk to myself?

Just long enough to hear you set up the subplot! I really didn't mean to overhear your conversation!

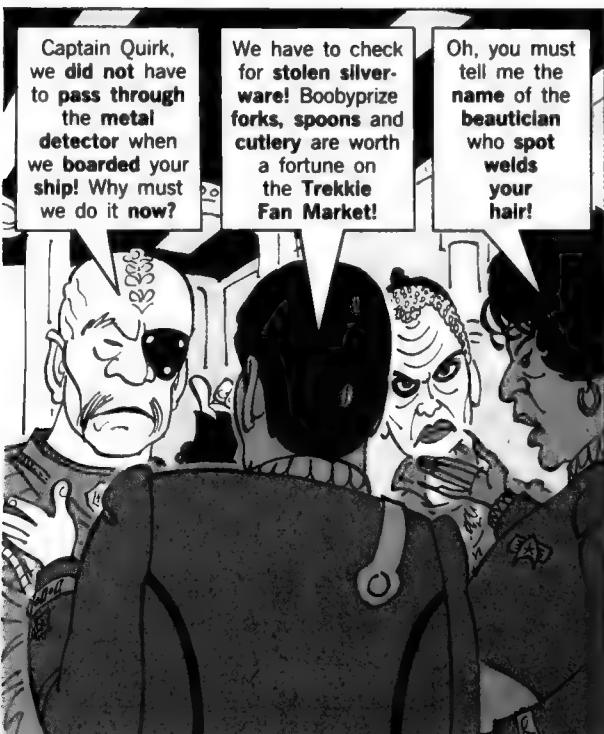
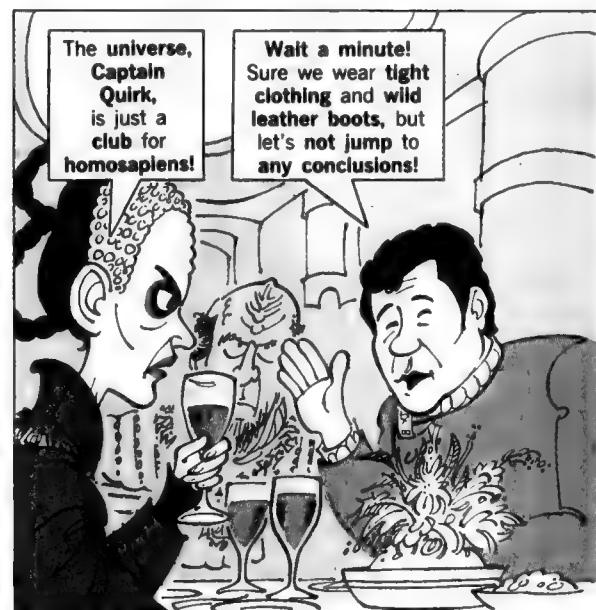
With those ears I would think it impossible for you not to overhear any conversation!

Chancellor Gerkin! Would you and your party care to dine as guests of the United Federation of Planets?

Will you be serving mashed potatoes?

No, we're serving Stove Top Stuffing!

Then we will definitely be there!



Penal Asteroid  
Snowjob—our  
home for the  
next 1,000 years!  
Boy, is this  
place desolate!

More desolate  
than you  
think, Captain!  
They don't  
even have a Gap!

No Gap?!?  
Impossible!  
How do  
people on  
this planet  
make a living?

It  
ain't  
easy,  
pal!  
Ice  
cream?

I've never met  
anyone like you!  
One minute you're  
an animal and the  
next minute you're  
a beautiful woman!

You should talk!  
One minute you're  
the Captain and the  
next you're an  
animal! But I love  
it! Cigarette?



Stardate 9433: Where is the time going! We escaped  
from the Papier Mâché Mines, but Moody, the female  
who helped us, not only turned out to be against  
us, but turned out to look exactly like me!

How did you  
know which  
Quirk was the  
real one?

I took a  
shot! I  
had a 50-50  
chance!

I like the idea of two  
Quirks! I can film  
Star Blech and Rescue  
911 at the same time!

Stardate 2001, and a little: We beamed back to  
the Boobyprize and discovered that Desirous is  
plotting with Admiral Cartwheel and Clang to  
assassinate the head of the peace conference!

We must get to the  
peace conference  
by 980.894! Can we  
do it, Snotty?

Possibly, but if we  
hit one red light,  
we'll never make it.  
Man the boilers, men!



Talk about Warp  
speed! In one  
panel we went  
to the peace  
conference,  
prevented an  
assassination  
and came back!

And  
what  
did  
we  
get  
for  
our  
troubles?

Nothing!  
Starfleet  
says we  
should  
put the  
Boobyprize  
in  
mothballs!

They didn't  
say to  
put the  
crew in  
mothballs,  
did  
they?

No, they  
said the  
crew  
should  
be put  
in  
Formalde-  
hyde!

Us retire? Never! Of  
course, after 25  
years, finding new  
experiences is  
tough! Schlock,  
you're Mister Know-  
It All! What lies  
ahead for us?

Lumbago...  
Bursitis...  
Arthritis...  
Rheumatism...

Yes! The  
Alzheimer's  
Galaxy!  
Warp  
Factor  
Two!



# BREAKING HABITS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHT

## ECONOMICS



# SCHOOL SPIRIT



# R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

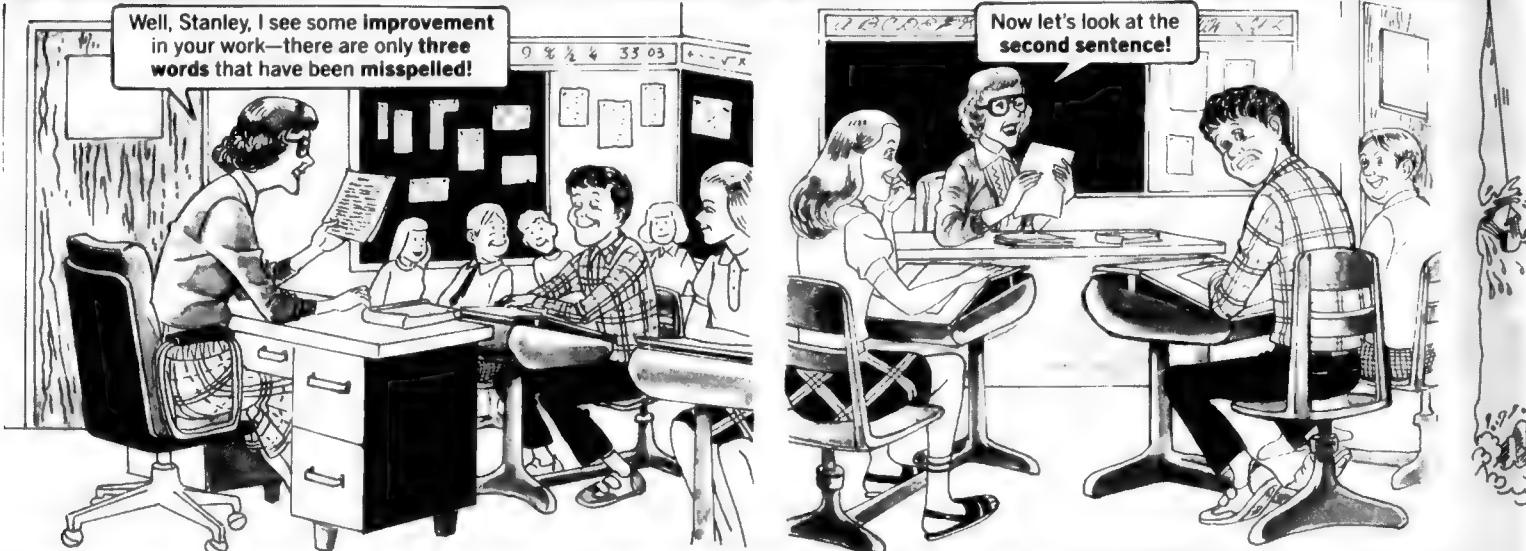
## DIVORCE



## CRISES



## IMPROVEMENT



## TRUST



## COOKING



## CLEANLINESS



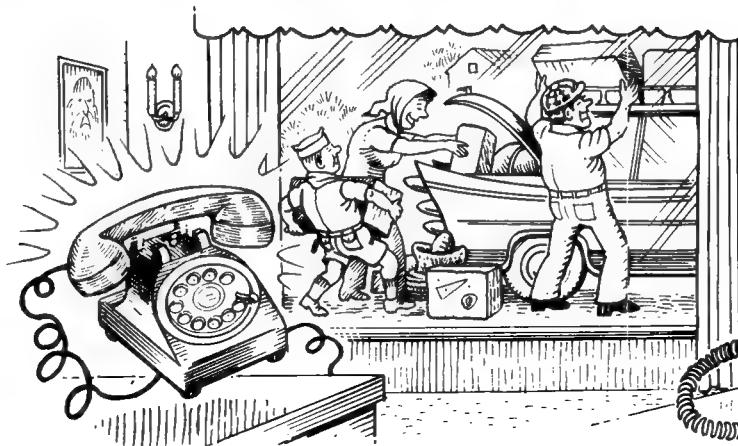
## GIRL WATCHING



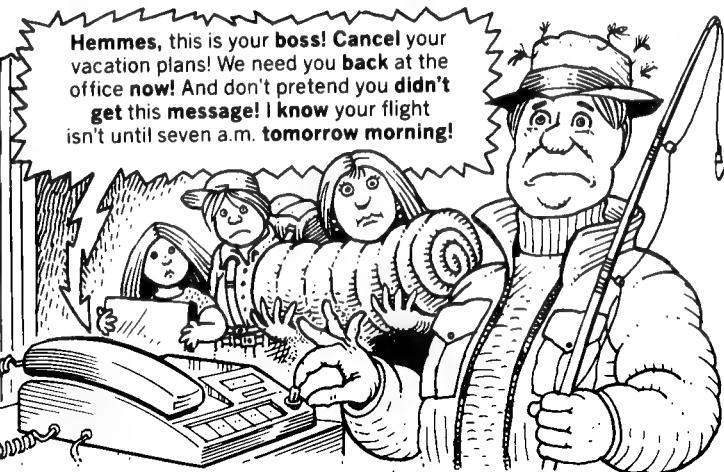
IS EVERYTHING THAT'S "NEW" AND "MODERN" A GIANT STEP FORWARD FOR MANKIND?

# FOZZON UP REPO

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



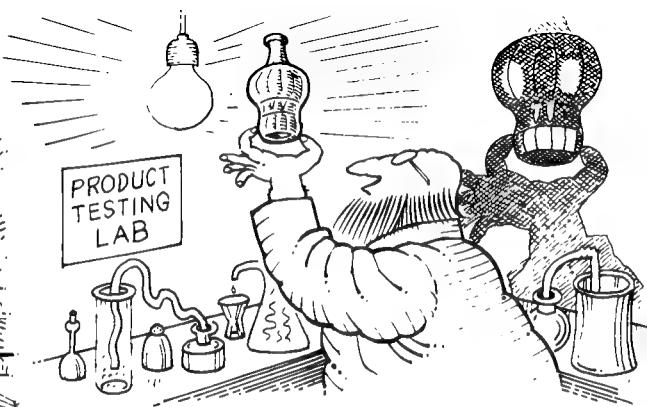
In the old days when you were out and the house was empty, important messages were never communicated.



Now, with the advent of the phone answering machine, messages are always communicated!



It wasn't very long ago that the only kind of soda you could buy was the kind loaded with sugar that would rot all your teeth.



Today's soda is sugar free! However it does contain nutrasweet, saccharine and other wonderful modern chemicals!



In the old days, you couldn't place a long distance call without the assistance of an operator.



Today, with modern touch tone phone systems, you can call long distance with no assistance at all!

A TINY STEP FORWARD FOR WOMANKIND? YOU BE THE JUDGE AS YOU NOW READ MAD'S

# R'IT ON PROGRESS

WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO



Back in the days of propeller planes, air travel was only for the rich and affluent.



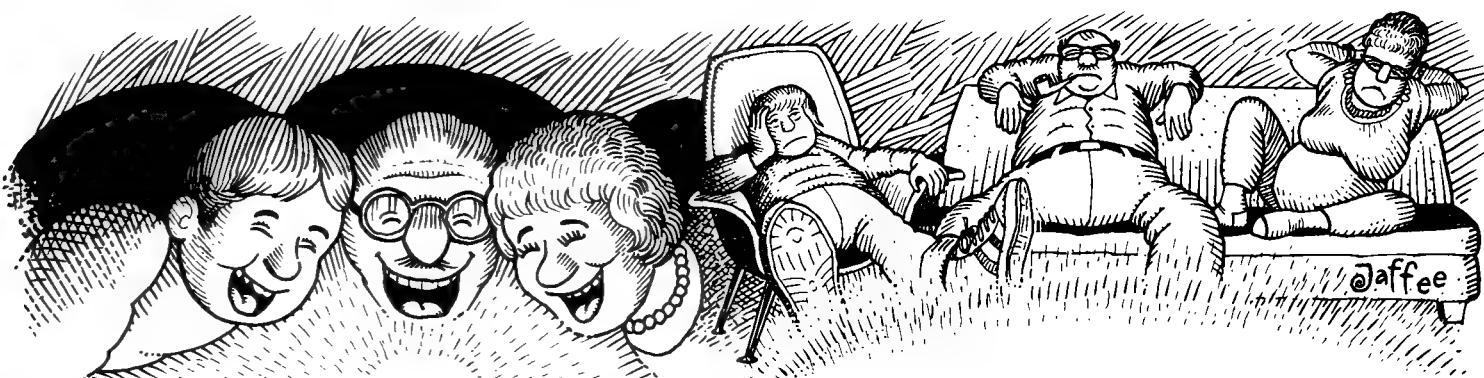
Today, thanks to so many airlines putting so many planes in the sky, air travel is cheap and many more people can afford to fly.



Not long ago, the only portable entertainment you could carry was a small mono radio.



Today, with miniature portable stereo systems with headphones, you can be in a world all your own.



Years ago, entire families gathered around a little four-inch, black and white tv set to watch the great stars of the day—Sid Caesar, Uncle Miltie and Jackie Gleason.

Today, we have 40-inch, full color projection television sets in stereo that families can gather around to watch the great stars of the day—Merv Griffin, Alan Thicke and Ed McMahon.

**Captain's Log, Stardate 5748!** We are highly advanced and living in the 24th Century! War no longer exists in the galaxy! Our ship, the new U.S.S. Boobyprize, is eight times larger, has double the leg-room and gets three times the mileage! Yet, despite our improved special effects and built-in "name appeal," we are not getting boffo reviews! Is it any wonder that we are being called:

**MARS**  
SAYS NO  
TO DRUGS

I'm Dr. Loverly Cruncher! Thanks to my research, we have wiped out the scourge of Andromeda Tongue Rot and Stellar Fungus! Now, if we can only wipe out the scourge of Inter-galactic Blue Cross and Blue Shield Forms!

I'm Security Chief Tusha Yarp! I come from a violent and aggressive sector of the universe where life was a constant battle for survival! Hey, it's not easy growing up poor in Beverly Hills!

I'm Captain Jaunt Fluke Retard! Some say I'm dull, but whatever I lack in leadership, I make up for in good looks! While it's true I usually send Number One on the really dangerous missions, my contribution should not be overlooked—I do one heck of a Mr. Clean impression at the annual Boobyprize Christmas party!

I'm Dada, a highly advanced android! My body can do anything a human body can! I belch, give off body odor and throw up after eating Romulan food! Still, the others here regard me as different! Maybe that's because I've been programmed with a personality!

I'm Pestly Cruncher, your average 15-year old scientific wizard and space prodigy! I have an almost perfect brain. It would have been considered totally perfect, but I agreed to sign on with this crew!

WE BRAKE  
FOR  
MILKY WAYS

# STAR BLEECH

## THE NEXT DEGRADATION

I'm Linoleum Wiper! Though I'm second in command, Captain Retard insists on calling me "Number One"! Then again, at breakfast this morning, he ordered a V-9 Vegetable Juice! What can I say? The captain is great at space exploration but lousy with numbers!

I'm Counselor Nirvana Floy. Half human and half alien! I'm into psychic phenomena and ESP, which in my case stands for Extra-Sensual-Proportions! I can't explain it, but I feel things no one else feels, especially in crowded elevators!

I'm Barf, a Klinkon! I may seem unattractive to you, but back home I'm considered a hunk! In the old, war-filled days, I'd have been vicious and merciless, but now I'm a mere toadie taking orders from inferior Earthlings! Boy, give peace a chance and it will bust your chops!

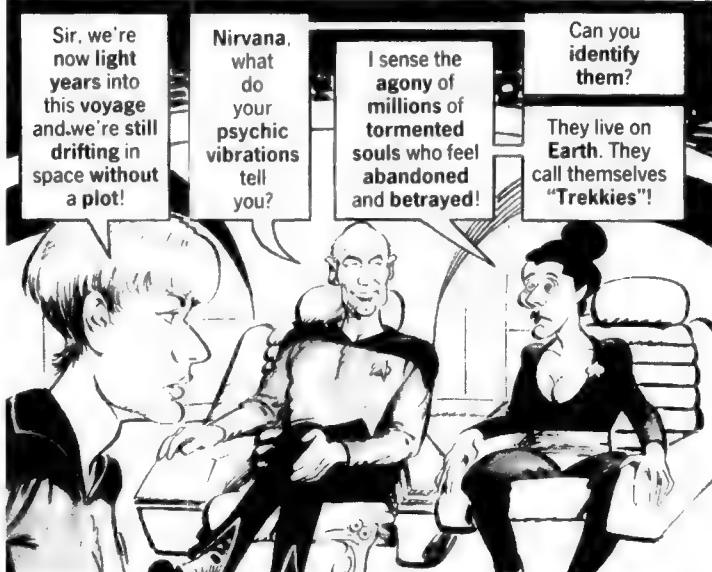
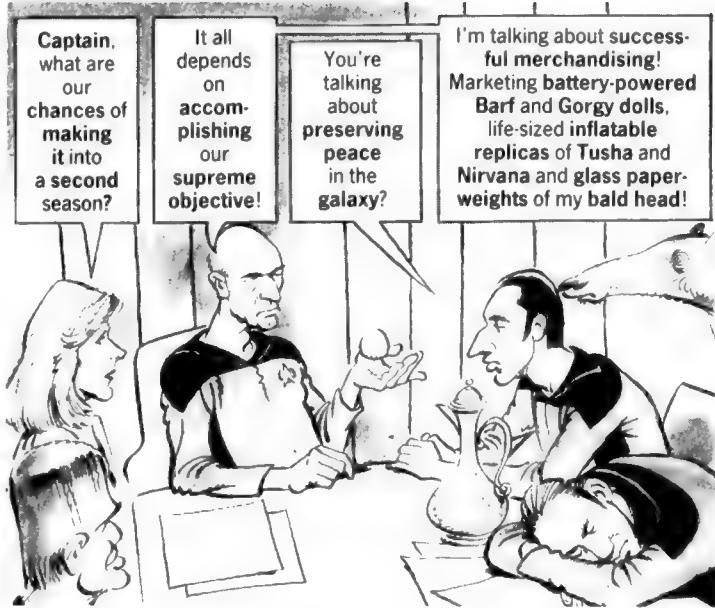
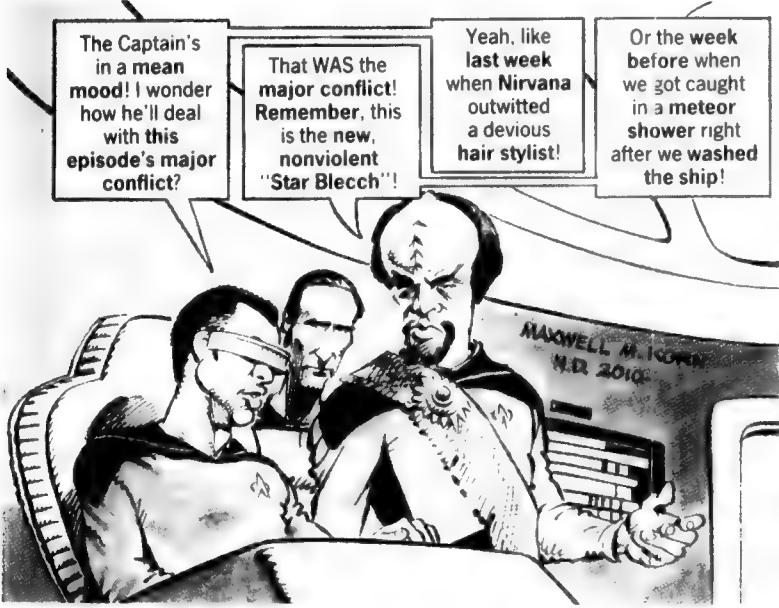
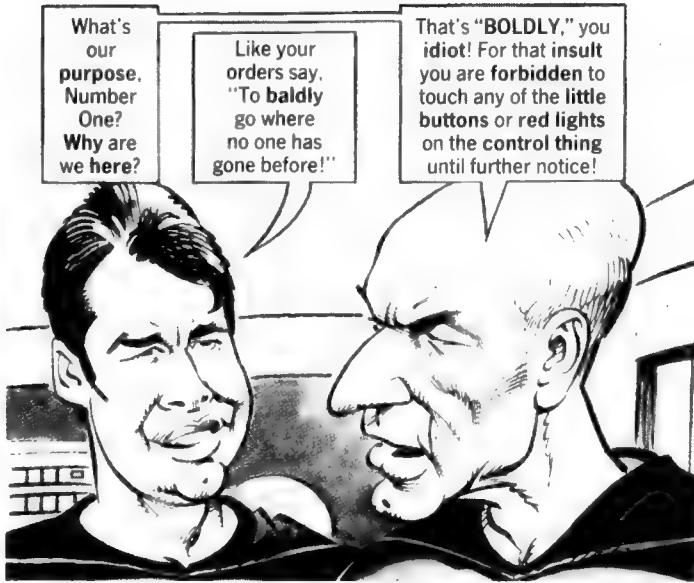
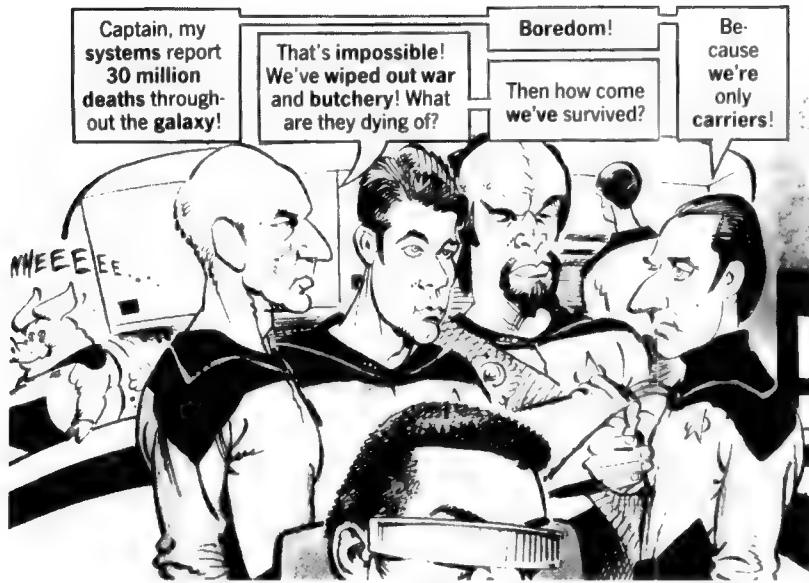
THE BRIDGE

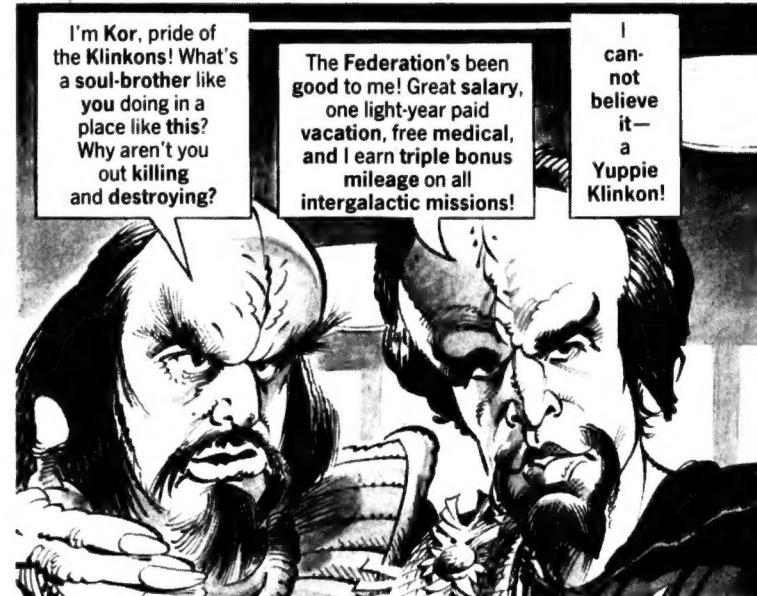
I'm Lt. Gorgy La Farce! This visual aid I'm wearing may make me look like an intergalactic Stevie Wonder, but it lets me detect images that conventional eyes can't see! While the others are looking for space freighters, I'm grooving on X-rated mutant flicks and "Star Wars" videos!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

M. Drucker 77





Sir, we've got visual contact with Starfleet Command!

This is the Booby-prize, and we're in big trouble!

You're in trouble?! I'm being audited by Internal Galactic Revenue, my kid's snorting asteroid dust, and my wife just ran off with a Troglydite!

Dreadfully sorry, but we could use some help!

Forget it! We've got five ships in the hangar waiting for parts, and the rest were recalled by the factory! I told 'em to stick with earth products, but they wanted cheap imports!

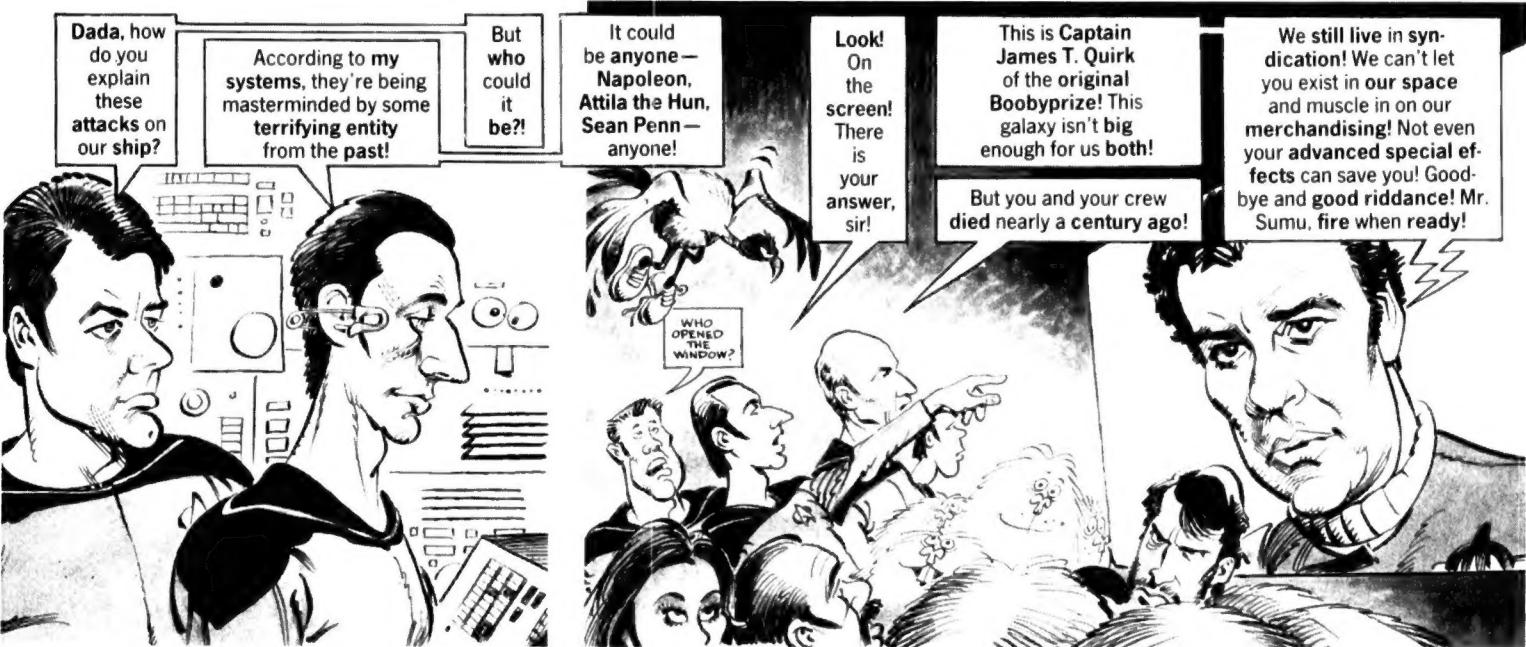
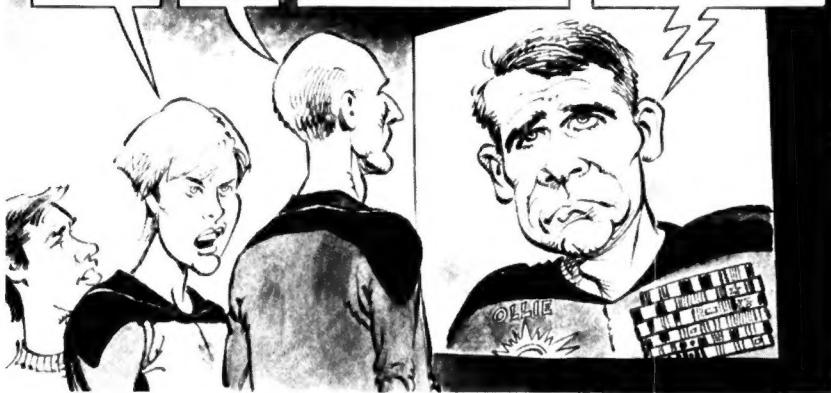
Now then, what is the damage report, Pesty?

Everything is all messed up, sir!

Be specific, you little idiot!

The thingamajigs are broken, the whatchamacallits are gone, and there's junk all over the doohickies!

Oh my God, we really are in trouble!



# WHERE CAN YOU FIND THE MOST DAZZLING, COLORFUL WILDLIFE ON DISPLAY?

# HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

**The world's wildlife forms a kaleidoscope of color and design. To find out where you can see the world's most eye boggling examples, fold page in as shown.**



**FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!**

A>

**FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT**

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ANIMALS COME IN MANY COLORS AND DESIGNS. TO GET A  
REAL FEEL FOR THIS WE MUST GO WHERE ANIMALS FLOCK  
IN GREAT NUMBERS. ONLY IN SUCH LARGE  
CONCENTRATIONS WE CAN SEE NATURE'S VIVID WORKS OF ART.

#### WRITER AND ARTIST:

AL-JAFFEE

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# FREE CAR WINDOW BONUS!\*



**\*CAR NOT INCLUDED.**